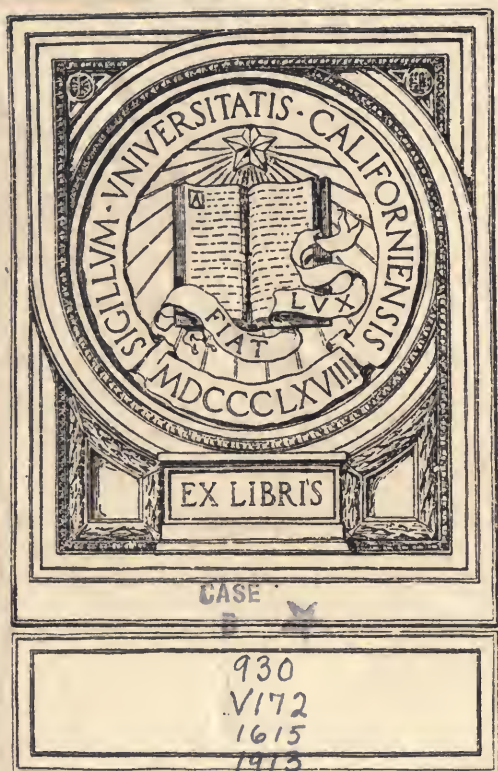


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## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

### The Valiant Welshman

“Written by R. A. Gent”

*Date of earliest known quarto . . . . .* 1615

(B.M. C 34. b. 51.)

*Reproduced in Facsimile . . . . .* 1913



# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## The Valiant Welshman

“Written by R. A. Gent”

1615

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
MCMXIII





# The Valiant Welshman

"Written by R. A. Gent"

1615

*The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum,  
Pressmark C 34. b. 51.*

*The "R. A. Gent" has been associated with Robert Armin,  
the actor, but without corroborative evidence supporting this reading  
of the initials. The late Mr. Dutton Cook (s.v. ARMIN in  
"D.N.B.") said "the publisher may have wished the public to  
infer that Robert Armin was the author."*

JOHN S. FARMER.



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THE KING  
ARISTOTELIS









THE  
VALIANT  
WELSHMAN,

OR  
THE TRUE CHRONI-  
cle History of the life and valiant  
deedes of CARADOC the Great,  
King of Cambria, now called  
WALES.

---

As it hath beene sundry times Acted by  
*the Prince of Wales his seruants.*

Written by R. A. Gent.

---



---

LONDON,

Imprinted by *George Purslowe* for *Robert Lownes*,  
and are to be folde at his shoppe at the  
*Little North dore of Paules.*

1615.

TO THE  
LIBRARY







## TO THE INGENVOVS READER.

**A**S it hath been a custome of long continuance, as well in Rome the Capitall City, as in diuers other renowned Cities of the world, to haue the liues of Princes and worthy men, acted in their Theatres, and especially the conquests & victories which their owne Princes and Captains had obtained, thereby to incourage their youths to follow the steps of their ancesters; which custome euen for the same purpose, is tolerated in our Age, although some pceiush people seeme to dislike of it: Amongst so many valiant Princes of our English Nation, vvwhose liues haue already euen cloyed the Stage, I searched the Chronicles of elder ages, vvwherein I found amongst diuers renouvned persons, one Brittish Prince, who of his enemies, receiued the title of *Valiant Brit-taine*, his name was *Caradoc*, he was King of *Siluria*, *Ordonica*, and *March*, which Countries are now called, *South-Wales*, *North-Wales*, and the *Marches*; and therefore being borne in Wales, and King of Wales, I called him the *valiant Welshman*; he liued about the yere of our Lord, 70. *Cornelius Tacitus* in his 12. booke, sayth, that hee held warres 9. years against all the Romane puissance; but in the end hee was betrayed by *Cartismanda* Queene of *Brigance*, and so conuayed to Rome in triumph, so that the name of *Caradoc* was famous in Rome at that time: wherefore finding him so highly commended amongst the Romans, who were then Lords of all the world, and his enemies; I thought it fit amongst so many Worthies, whose liues haue already been both acted and printed, his life hauing already bin acted with good applause, to be likewise worthy the printing; Hoping that you will censure indifferently of it; and so I bid you farevvell.





The Actors names.

Fortune.	Gederns King of Brittain.
Bardh.	Gald his brother.
Octavian King of North-Wales.	Venusius Duke of Yorke.
Guiniver his daughter.	Cartismanda his wife.
Codigune his base sonne.	Claudius Cesar the Emperour.
The Duke of Cornewall.	Ostorius Scapula the Romane
The Earle of Gloster.	Lieutenant.
Morgan Earle of Anglesey.	Marcus Gallicus his sonne.
Pheander his sonne, the Fayry	Manlius Valens, and Cessius
champion.	Nasica, 2. Tribunes of the
Ratshane his man. A Iugler.	Romanes.
Cadallan Prince of March, with	A Witch, and her sonne Bluso.
his three sons, and his daughter	The Clowne with a company of
Voada.	Rustickes.
Caradoc, Mauron and Constantine.	A Shepheard.
Monmouth an usurper.	An olde man.

THE









# THE VALIANT WELSHMAN.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

*Fortune descends downe from heauen to the Stage, and then shee  
calls forth foure Harpers, that by the sound of their Mu-  
sicke they might awake the ancient Bardh, a kind of Welsh  
Poet, who long agoe was there intoombed.*

*Fortune.*

**T**Hus from the high Imperiall Seate of Ioue,  
Romes awfull Goddesse, Chaunce, descends to view  
This Stage and Theater of mortall men,  
Whose acts and scenes diuisible by me,  
Sometime present a swelling Tragedy  
Of discontented men: sometimes againe  
My smiles can mould him to a Comicke vayne:  
Sometimes like *Niobe*, in teares I drowne  
This Microcosme of man; and to conclude,  
I seale the Lease of mans beatitude:  
Amongst the seuerall obiects of my frownes,  
Amongst the sundry subiects of my smiles,  
Amongst so many Kings housde vp in clay,  
Behold, I bring a King of Cambria:  
To whom great *Pyrrhus*, *Hector* poysde in scales  
Of dauntlesse valour, weighes not this Prince of Wales.

Be

## THE VALIANT

Be dumbe you scornfull English, whose blacke mouthes  
 Haue dim'd the glorious splendor of those men;  
 Whose resolution merites *Homers* penne:  
 And you, the types of the harmonious spheares,  
 Call with your siluer tones, that reuerend *Bardh*,  
 That long hath slept within his quiet vrne,  
 And let his tongue this Welshmans Crest adorne.

*The Harpers play, and the Bardh riseth from  
 his Tombe.*

*Bardh.* Who's this disturbs my rest?

*Fortune.* None, Poet Laureat: but a kind request  
 Fortune prefers vnto thy ayry shape,  
 That once thou wouldst in well-tunde meeter sing  
 The high-swolne fortunes of a worthy King,  
 That valiant Welshman, *Caradoc* by name,  
 That foylde the haughty Romanes, crackt their fame.

*Bardh.* I well remember, powerfull Deity,  
 Arch-gouernesse of this terrestriall Globe,  
 Goddesse of all mutation man affords,  
 That in the raigne of Romes great Emperour,  
 Ycleped *Claudian*, when the Bryttish Ile  
 Was tributary to that conquering See,  
 This worthy Prince suruiued, whose puissant might  
 Was not inferiour to that sonne of *Ioue*,  
 Who, in his cradle chokte two hideous Snakes.  
 Which, since my Fortune is to speake his worth,  
 My vtmost skill aliue shall paint him forth.

*Fort.* Then to thy taske, graue *Bardh*: tell to mens eare,  
 Fame plac't the valiant Welshman in the spheare. *Exit.*

*Bardh.* Then, since I needs must tell the high designs  
 Of this braue Welshman, that succeeding times,  
 In leaues of gold, may register his name,  
 And reare a Pyramys vnto his fame;  
 This onely doe I craue, that in my song,

At-







# WELSHMAN.

Attention guyde your cares, silence your tongue.  
 Then know all you, whose knowing faculties  
 Of your diuiner parts scorne to insist  
 On sensuall obiects, or on naked sense,  
 But on mans highest Alpes, Intelligence.  
 For to plebeyan wits, it is as good,  
 As to be silent, as not vnder stood.  
 Before faire *Wales* her happy Vnion had,  
 Blest Vnion, that such happinesse did bring,  
 Like to the azure rooofe of heauen full packt  
 With those great golden Tapers of the night,  
 Whose speares sweat with their numbers infinite;  
 So was it with the spacious bounds of *Wales*,  
 Whose firmament contaynd two glorious sonnes,  
 Two Kings, both mighty in their arch-cômands,  
 Though both not lawfull in their gouernement:  
 The one *Ostianian* was, to whom was left,  
 By lineall descent, each gouernment:  
 But that proud Earle of *Munmouth* stealing fire,  
 Of high ambition did one throne aspire,  
 Which by base vsurpation he detaines.  
 Of lawfull (right) vnlawfull treason gaires.  
 Twise, in two haughty set Battalions,  
 The base vsurper *Munmouth* got the day:  
 And now *Ostianian* spurde with grieve and rage,  
 Conducted by a more propitious starre,  
 Himselfe in person comes to Shrewsbury,  
 Where the great Earle of March, great in his age,  
 But greater in the circuit of his power,  
 Yet greatest in the fortunes of his sonnes,  
 The Father of our valiant *VWelshman* calld,  
 Himselfe, his warlike sonnes, and all doth bring,  
 To supplant Treason, and to plant their King.  
 No more Ile speake: but this olde *Barde* intreats,  
 To keepe your vnderstanding and your seates.

# THE VALIANT

## ACTVS I. SCENA 2.

*Enter Octavian, King of Northwales, Gloster, Codigunes  
base sonne, Morgan, Earle of Anglesey, and his  
foolish sonne with souldiers.*

*Octavian. Gloster, Lord Codigune,  
And Noble Morgan, Earle of Anglesey,  
Can the vsurping name of Monmouth liue  
VVithin the ayry confines of your soules,  
And not infect the purest temprature  
Of loyalty and sworne allegiance,  
With that base Apoplexie of reuolt,  
And egre appetite of foueraigne might,  
Counting the greatest wrong, the greatest right?  
Full many Moones haue these two aged lights  
Beheld in peacefull wife: Now, to my griefe,  
When the pure oyle, that fed these aged Lampes,  
Is almost spent, and dimly shiues those beames,  
That in my youth darted forth spritefull rayes,  
Must now die miserable and vndone,  
By monstrous and base vsurpation.*

*Codig. Thrise noble king, be patient, this I reade,  
The Gods haue feet of wooll, but hands of lead:  
And therefore in reuenge as sure, as slow.  
What though two Royall Armies we haue lost?  
He that beares man about him, must be crost:  
And that base Monmouth, that with his goldē head  
Salutes the Sunne, may with the Sunne fal dead.  
For base Rebellion drawes so short a breath,  
That in the day she moues, she moues to death:  
And like the Marigold opens with the Sunne,  
But at the night her pride is shut and done.*

*Morgan. Harke you, me Lord Codigune,  
By the pones of Saint Tany, you haue prattled to the King  
a great*







W E L S H M A N.

a great deale of good Phisicke, and for this one of her good  
 lessons and destructions, how call you it, be Cad, I know  
 not very well, I wil fight for you with all the *George Stones*,  
 or the *Ursa maiors* vnder the Sunnes. Harke you me, Kings:  
 I pray you now, good Kings, leaue your whimbling, and  
 your great proclamations: let death come at her, and ha  
 can catch her, and pray God blesse her. As for the Rebelle  
*Mommouth*, I kanow very well what I will do with her. I  
 will make Martlemas beefe on her flesh, and false dice on  
 her pones for euery Conicatcher: I warrant her for Cafe  
 bobby and Metheglin: I will make her pate ring noone for  
 all her resurrections and rebellions.

*Ottavian*. But soft, what Drum is this, *The Drumme*  
 That with her silent march salutes the ayre? *foundeth a-*  
*Herald*, go see. *farre off.*

*Herald*. And't please your Grace, *Cadallan*, Earle of March  
 Spurred on by duty and obsequious loue,  
 Repining at the Fortune of your foe,  
 Whose rauening tyranny deuoures the liues  
 Of innocent subiects; now in person comes,  
 To scourge base vsurpation with his sonnes.

*Otha*. Conduct them to our presence. *Enter Marsh.*  
 Welcome, braue Earle, with these thy manly sonnes:  
 Neuer came raine vnto the Sunne-parcht earth,  
 In more auspicious time, then thy supply,  
 To scourge vsurping pride and souerainety.

*Cadallan*. Oh my gracious Lord,  
*Cadallan* comes drawne by that powerfull awe  
 Of that rich Adamant his soule adores.  
 The needles poynť is not more willing to salute the North  
 Man ioyfuller to sit in shrinde in heauen,  
 Then is my loyalty to ayde my King.  
 I know, dread Liege, that each true man should know,  
 To what intent dame Nature brought him forth:  
 True subiects are like Coinmons, who should feede  
 Their King, their Country, and their friends at need.

## THE VALIANT

*Osta.* Braue Earle of March, I need not here delude  
 The precious time with vaine capituling  
 Our own hereditary right, Graues to the dead,  
 Balsum to greene wounds, or a soule to man  
 Is not more proper, then *Ostauian*  
 To the vsurped Title *Monmouth* holds.  
 Then once more on : this be our onely trust;  
 Heauens suffer wrongs : but Angels gard the iust. *Exeunt.*

### ACTVS I. SCENA 3.

*Enter Monmouth the vsurper in armes with  
 Souldiers.*

*Mon.* Now valiant Countreynien, once more prepare  
 Your hands and hearts vnto a bloody fight.  
 Sterne *Mars* beginnes to buckle on his helme,  
 And waues his sanguine colours in the ayre :  
 Recount, braue spirits, two glorious victories,  
 Got with the death of many thousand soules.  
 Thinke on the cause, for which we stand ingagde,  
 Euen to the hazard of our goods and liues :  
 That were *Ostauians* forces like the starres,  
 Beyond the limits of Arithmetike :  
 Or equall to the mighty *Xerxes* hoste :  
 Yet like the poles, our dauntlesse courage stands,  
 Vnshaken by their feeble multitudes. *The Drum.*  
 But soft : what Drum is this? Souldiers, look out. *beats a-*  
 Did *Cesar* come, this welcome he should haue, *farre off.*  
 Strong armes, bigge hearts, and to conclude, a graue.

*Souldiers.* My Lord *Ostauian*,  
 Backt with the Earle of March and his three sonnes,  
 Intends to giue you battell.

*Mon.* No more, no more: fond doting Earle :  
 Is not there roome enough within Churchyards,  
 To earth his a ged bodie, with his sonnes,

But







# WELSHMAN.

But hee must hither come to make their graues?  
Drums, beat aloud. Ile not articulate.  
My soule is drown'd in rage. This bloody fight  
Shall tooombe their bodies in eternal night. *Exeunt. Alarm.*

*Enter Cadallan wounded, with his sonnes.*

*Caradoc.* Rot from his cursed trunk that villaines arme,  
That gaue this fatall wound to reuerend age.  
How fares our Princely father?

*Cad.* As fares the sicke man, when the nights blacke bird  
Beates at his casements with his sable wings:  
Or as the halfe dead captiue being condemn'd,  
Awaites the churlish Iaylors fearefull call.  
Out of his lothsome dungeon to his death:  
So fares it with the wounded Earle of March:  
The current of my bloud begins to freeze,  
Tougt by the Icy power of gelid death:  
A sad Eclipse darkens these two bright lights:  
My vitall spirits faint, my pulses cease,  
And natures frame dissolues to natures peace,  
All by that damn'd vsurper. *He dies.*

*Cara.* Eternall peace, free from the hate of men,  
Inspheare thy soule, and mount it to the stars.  
Brothers, surcease your griefe, goe to the field,  
Cheare vp the Souldiers, whilst I single forth  
This bloody *Monmouth*, that I may sacrifice.  
His cancell'd life vnto my fathers ghost,  
And rid the land of this Egean filth,  
His vsurpation stables. Oh, tis good,  
To scourge with death, that crying sinne of bloud.

*Morgan meets Caradoc going in.*

*Morgan.* Cousin *Caradoc*, well, in all these pribble prab-  
bles, I pray you, how dooth our vncle *Cadallan*? bee  
*Cad*, I heard he had got a knocke: if it bee so, I pray you  
looke that the leane Caniball, what doe you call him that

## THE VALIANT

cate vp *Julius Cefars* and *Pompeyes*: a faucy knaue, that cares no more for Kings, then lowlie beggers & Chimney-sweepers.

*Cara*. Why, death, man.

*Morgan*. I, I, Death, a poxe on her: as Cad shudge mee, hee will cate more Emperours and Kings at one meale, then some Taylors halfe penny loaues, or Vsurers decayed shentlemen in a whole yeare: therefore I pray you Cousin, haue a care of her vnle.

*Cara*. He is in heauen already.

*Morgan*. In heauen! why did you let her goe thither?

*Cara*. It is a place of rest, and Angels blisse.

*Morgan*. Angels! Cots blue-hood: I warrant her, there is ne're a Lawyer in the whole orld, but had rather haue e-leuen shillings, then the best Anshell in heauen. I pray you who sent her thither?

*Cara*. I cannot tell, but from his dying tongue He did report *Monmouth* the bloody meanes.

*Morgan*. *Monmouth*! Iesu Christ! did hee send her vnle to Saint *Peters* and Saint *Pauls*, and not suffer her cousin *Morgan* to bid her *Nos Dhieu*? harke you, Cousin, Ile seeke her out be Cad. Farewell, Cousin, Ile make her pring packe her Nuncle with a venshance.

*Cara*. Farewell, good Cousin; whilst I range about The mangled bodies of this bloody field;  
To finde the Traytor forth, whose spotted soule  
Ile send posthaste vnto that low Abisse,  
That with the snaky furies he may dwell,  
And ease *Prometheus* of his paines in hell. *Alarum againe.*

*Enter at one dore Monmouth with Souldiers, at the other  
Codigune: they fight: Monmouth beates them in;  
then enter Caradoc at the other.*

*Caradoc*. Turne thee, Vsurper, Harpey of this Clime,  
Ambitious villaine, damned homicide.

*Mon.*







# W E L S H M A N.

*Mon.* Fondling, thou speakest in too milde consonants :  
 Thy ayry words cannot awake my spleene :  
 Thou woundst the subtle body of the ayre,  
 In whose concavity we stand immured :  
 Thou giuest me cordials, and not vomits now :  
 Thy Phyicke will not worke: these names thou speakest,  
 Fill vp each spongy pore vviithin my flesh,  
 With ioy intolerable : and thy kind salutes  
 Of villany, and ambition, best befits  
 The royall thoughts of Kings: Reade *Machiauell*:  
*Princes that would aspire, must mocke at hell.*

*Cara.* Out, thou incarnate Deuill; garde thee, slaue:  
 Although thou fear'st not hell, Ile dig thy graue.

*Mon.* Stay, Prince, take measure of me first.

*Cara.* The Deuill hath done that long ago. *Alarum there.*

*They both fight, and Caradoc killeth him.*

*Enter Constantine.*

*Const.* Surcease, braue brother; Fortune hath crownd our  
 With a victorious wreath; Their Souldiers flee, (browes  
 And all their Army is discomfited.  
 The King sounds a retreat. What is the Traytor dead?  
 This act hath purchast honour to our name,  
 And crownde thee with immortall memory.  
 Off with his head: and let the King behold,  
 His greatest foe and care lies dead and cold.

## A C T V S I. S C E N A 4.

*Enter Olfasian, Codigune, Cornwall, Gloster, Manron with  
 colours and souldiers.*

*Olf.* Here ends the life and death of bloody warre,  
 Whose graue-like Paunch did neuer cry, Inough:  
 And welcome, Peace, that long hath liu'd exile,

*Lin.*

## THE VALIANT

Immurde within the Iuory wals of blisse.  
Ambition now hath throwne her snaky skin,  
From off her venomde backe. Oh may shee die,  
Congeal'd, and neuer moue again to multiply.

*Enter Caradoc, Morgan and Constantine.*

*Morgan.* God plesse her. Be Cad, Kings, all the Sybilles  
in the whole orld speake not more tales and prophesies,  
then our Cousin *Morgan*: Looke you now Kings, our cou-  
sin *Caradoc*, and our cousin *Constantine*, breake our fasts with  
mince-pyes and Gally: mawfryes of legs and armes. Is your  
Grace a hungry? If you bee, I haue prought you a Calues  
head in wooll, bee Cad; tis in my Knappelacke.

*Osta.* Thanks, gentle Earle.

*Mor.* Thanks for a Pigge in a poake, tis plecting new;  
and I pray you thanke our cousin *Caradoc* for it: for as Cad  
shudge me, hee was the Caterer: be Cad, hee did kill her  
with one blow in the crag, as you vse to kill Conyes.

*Osta.* Why, Cousin *Morgan*, I vse not to kill Conyes.

*Mor.* Do you not? Harke you me: you were a great deale  
petter to kil al the Conyes in Wales, then they to kil her. Be  
Cad, I haue knowne tall men as *Hercules*, beene wounded  
to death, and kicke vp her heeles in an Hospitall, by the by-  
ting of a tame Conyes in the City: therefore your wilde  
Conyes in the Suburbs, that eate of nothing but Mandrakes  
& Turne-her-vps, mark you me now, by Sheshu, are worse  
then Dog dayes.

*Osta.* VVell, Cousin, you are merry.

But now, braue plants of that vnhappy tree,  
VVhom chaunce of warre hath leueld with the earth,  
And in our cause: We cannot but lament  
The sudden downefall of that aged Earle.  
But since the wil of heauen is not confinde  
Vnto the will of man: his soule's at rest.  
Our bounties and our loue to you aliue,

Shall





# WELSHMAN.

Shall well confirme the loue we owe him dead.  
 And first, because your worthy selues shall see,  
 Our Royall thoughts adore no peasants god,  
 Or dung-hill basenesse: but in that spheare we moue,  
 Where honour sits coequall with high *Ioue*.  
 To thee braue Knight, heauens chiefeft instrument  
 Of our new-borne tranquility and peace,  
 We giue for thy reward, this golden Fleece,  
 Our Royall daughter, beaurious *Gwinuer*;  
 And after our decease, our Kingly right.  
 Speake, valiant Knight, wilt thou accept of this?

*Cara.* Accept of it, great King!

The Thracian *Orpheus* neuer entertayn'd  
 More loy in sight of his *Euridice*,  
 When with his siluer tunces he did inchaunt  
 The triple-headed dog, and reassumde,  
 His soules beatitude, from *Platoes* Court,  
 Then your deuoted seruant in this gift,  
 Wherein such vnrespected ioy concurs,  
 That euery sense daunces within his blest circumference;  
 And cals my blisse, A Newyeeres gift from *Ioue*;  
 And not from that which reason or discourse  
 Proudly from beasts doth challenge, as from man.  
 In brieft, my Lord,

Looke how proud Nature in her store,  
 Because shee hath one Phenix and no more,  
 Whose indiuiduall substance being but one,  
 Makes Nature boast of her perfection:  
 So ist with me, great King; more blest in this,  
 Then man turn'd constellation, starr'd in blisse.  
 Her gracious answere, and I am content.

*Mor.* Her consent, Cousin *Caradoc*, I warrant her there  
 is neuer a Lady in England, but consent to giue prike and  
 prayse to a good thing; goe you together: I warrant  
 her.

*Olla.* How now, my Lord, doe you play the Priest?



## THE VALIANT

*Mor.* Priests! Cads blue-hood, I should be mad fellow  
to make Priests: for marke you now, my Lord: the Priests  
say, Let no man put her asunder: thats very good. But be-  
lieue mee, and her will, it is a great deale petter to put her  
betweene; because the one is a curse, and the fruites of the  
wombe is a great plesing.

*Olla.* Now Princely sonne, reach me each others hand.  
Here in the sight of heauen, of God and men,  
I ioyne your Nuptiall hands. Oh, may this howre  
Be guided by a fayre and kind aspect.  
Let no maleuolent Planet this day dart  
Her hateful influence, gainst these hallowed rites.  
You heauenly Pilots of the life of man,  
Oh, be propitious to this sacred cause,  
That God and men may seale it with applause.  
So now to Ceremonies. Musicke, sound shrill thy note:  
'Tis Hymens holyday; Let *Bacchus* flote. *Exeunt.*

*Manet solus Codigune.*

*Codig.* Go you vnto the Church, and with your holy fires  
Perfume the Altars of your country gods,  
Whilst I in curses, swifter in pursute,  
Then winged lightning, execrate your soules,  
And all your Hymeneall iollity.  
Now swels the wombe of my inuention,  
With some prodigious proiect, and my brayne  
Italianates my barren faculties  
To Machiuilian blacknesse. Welshman, stand fast;  
Or by these holy raptures that inspire  
The soule of Polititians with reuenge,  
Blacke proiects, deepe conceits, quaynt villanies,  
By her that excommunicates my right  
Of my creation, with a bastards name,  
And makes me stand non suted to a crowne;  
He fall my selfe, or plucke this Welshman down.  
*Cornwall,* he kild thy brother. There's the base,  
Whereon my enuy shall erect the frame

Of







# WELSHMAN.

Of his confusion. *Gloster*, I know,  
 Is Nature's master-piece of envious plots,  
 The Cabinet of all adulterate ill  
 Envy can hatch; with these I will beginne,  
 To make blacke envy Primate of each sin.  
 Now, in the heate of all their reuelling,  
 Hypocrisie, Times best complexion,  
 Smooth all my rugged thoughts, let them appeare  
 As brothell sinnes benighted, darkely cleare.  
 Lend me thy face, good *Iannu*, let mee looke  
 Iust on Times fashion, with a double face,  
 And clad my purpose in a Foxes case. *Exit.*

## ACTVS 2. SCENA 1. *Sound Musicke.*

*Enter Octavian, Caradoc, Guininer, Gloster, Cornwall  
 and Codigune vnto the Banquet.*

*Octa.* Sit, Princes, and let each man, as befits  
 This solemne Festiuall, tune his sullen senses,  
 To merry Carols, and delightfome thoughts,  
 Cornicke inuentions, and such pleasant straines  
 As may decypher time to be well pleased.  
 All things distinguisht are into their times  
 And Iouiall howres, vnfit for graue designs.  
 A health vnto the Bride and Bridegroom. Lords,  
 Let it goe round. *They drinke round.*

*Octa.* How fares our princely Daughter?  
 Me thinks, your looks are too composde for such a holiday.  
*Gui.* Oh my good Lord, to put your Highnes out of your  
 Which your weak argument draws frō my looks: (suspect,  
 Tis true, that heathen Sages haue affirmed,  
 That Nature's Tablet fixt within our looke,  
 Gives scope to reade our hearts, as in a booke.  
 Yet this affirmatiue not alwayes holds;  
 For sometimes as the vrine, that foretels

## THE VALIANT

The constitution of each temperature,  
It falsely wrongs, the iudgement, makes our wit  
Turne Mountybanke in falsely iudging it :  
And like the outward parts of some fayre whore,  
Deceiues, euen in the obiekt we adore :  
My Lord, my soule's so rapte  
In contemplation of my happy choyce,  
That inward silence makes it more complete,  
By how much more it is remote  
From custome of a superficiall ioy,  
Thats meereley incorporeall, a meere dreame,  
To that essentiall ioy my thoughts conceyue.

*Osta.* How learnedly hath thy perswasive tounge  
Discovered a new passage vnto ioy,  
In mentall reseruation? True ioy is strung  
Best with rhe heart-strings, sounds onely in the tongue.  
But where's Sir *Morgan*, Earle of Anglesey?  
He promised vs some pleasant masking sight,  
To crowne these Nuptials with their due delight.

*Enter Morgans foolish sonne, Morion.*

*Morion.* Oh my Lord, my father is comming to your  
Grace, with such a many of Damsons and shee Shittle-  
cockes : They smell of nothing in the world but Rozin  
and Coblers waxe ; such a many lights in their heeles, &  
lungs in their hands, aboue all cry, yfaith.

*Enter the Maske of the Fayry Queene with foure Harpers;  
before they daunce, one of them singeth a Welsh song : they  
daunce, and then the foole, Earle Morgans sonne, falleth in  
loue with the Fayry Queene.*

*Morion.* By my troth, my stomacke rumbleth at the ve-  
ry conceit of this Iamall loue, cuen from the sole of my  
head, to the crowne of the foote. Surely, I will haue  
more







W E L S H M A N.

more acquaintance of that Gentlewoman; me thinks she  
daunceth like a Hobby-horse.

*After the daunce, a Trumpet within.*

*Oeta.* Thanks, Cousin *Morgan*.  
But soft, what Trumpets this?

*Constan.* A messenger, my Lord, from King *Gedernus*,  
King of Brytayne, desires accessse vnto your Maiesty.

*Oeta.* Admit him to our presence.

*Enter Ambassadors.*

*Ambass.* Health to this princely presence, and speci-  
ally, to great *Oetaian*; for vnto him I must direct my  
speech.

*Oeta.* To vs? then freely speake the tenor of thy speech,  
And wee as freely will reply to it.

Thy Master is a Prince, whom wee affect,

For honourable causes knowne to vs:

Then speake, as if the power we haue to graunt,

Were tied to his desire.

*Amb.* Then know, great King, that now *Gedernus* stands,  
As in a Labyrinth of hope and feare,

Vncertaine cyther of his life and Crowne.

The Romane *Claudius Cesar*, with an hoste.

Of matchlesse numbers, bold and resolute,

Are marching towards Brittain, arind with rage;

For the denying Tribute vnto Rome,

By force and bloudy warre to conquer it,

And cyther winne Brittain with the sword;

Or make her stoope vnder the Romane yoke.

Now, mighty King, since Brittain, through the world,

Is counted famous for a generous Ile,

Scorning to yeeld to forraine seruitude,

*Gedernus* humbly doth desire your ayde,

To backe him gainst the pride of Romane *Cesar*,

And force his Forces from the Brittainish shores:

## THE VALIANT

Which being done with speede, he vowes to tye  
Himselfe to Wales, in bonds of amity.

*Oët.* Legate, this news hath pleas'd *Oëtavian* wel.  
The Bryttaynes are a Nation free and hold,  
And scorne the bonds of any forrayne foe;  
A Nation, that by force was ne're subdude,  
But by base Treasons politikely forst.

*Claudius* forgets, that when the Bryttish Ile  
Scarce knew the meaning of a strangers march,  
Great *Iulius Cesar*, fortunate in armes,  
Suffred three base repulses from the Clifles  
Of chalky Douer:

And had not Bryttayne to her selfe prou'd false,  
*Cesar* and all his Army had beene toombde  
In the vast bosome of the angry sea.

Sonne *Caradoc*, how thinke you of this worthy enterprise?  
Yet tis vnfit, that on this sudden warning,  
You leaue your fayre wife, to the Theoricke  
Of matrimoniall pleasure and delight.

*Cara.* Oh my good Lord, this honourable cause  
Is able to inflame the coward brest  
Of base *Thersites*, to transforme a man,  
Thats Planet-strooke with *Saturne*, into *Mars*;  
To turne the Caucasus of peasant thoughts,  
Into the burning *Ætna* of reuenge,  
And manly Execution of the foe.

What man is he, if Reason speake him man,  
Or honour spurs on, that immortall fame  
May canonize his Acts to after times,  
And Kingly *Homers* in their Swanlike tunes  
Of sphearelike Musicke, of sweet Poesie,  
May tell their memorable acts in verse;  
But at the name of Romanes, is all warre,  
All courage, all compact of manly vigour  
Totally magnanimious, fit to cope  
Euen with a band of Centaures, or a hoast

of





W E L S H M A N.

Of Cretan Minotaures? Then let not me be bard:  
The way to honour's craggy, rough, and hard.

*Oſta.* Go on, & prosper, braue-resolued Prince.

*Car.* Faire Princeſſe, be not you diſmaid at this;  
Tis honour bids me leaue you for a while.

Twill not long be abſent. All the world,  
Except this honourable accident,  
Could not intreat, what now I muſt performe,  
Being ingadgde by honour. Let it ſuffice,  
That ioy that liues with thee, without thee dies.

*Guin.* Sweet Lord, ech howre whilſt you return, Ile pray,  
Honour may crowne you with a glorious day.

*Car.* Then here Ile take my leauc; *He kiſſes his*  
Firſt, as my duty binds, of you great King. *hand.*  
Next, of you, fayre Princeſſe. *He kiſſes her.*

Come brothers, and Lord *Morgan*, I muſt intreat  
Your company along.

*Mor.* Fare you well, great King: our Couſin *ap Caradoc*  
and I, will make *Ceſars*, with all her Romanes, runne to  
the Teuils arſe a peake, I warrant her. *Exeunt.*

I pray you looke vnto her ſonne there: bee Cad, hee  
hath no more wit in his pates, then the arranteſt Cander  
at Cooſt fayre. *Exit.*

*Oſta.* Come, daughter, now let's in.  
He that loues honour, muſt his honour winne. *Exeunt.*

A C T V S 2. S C E N A 2.

*Enter the Bardh, or Welſh Poet.*

*Bard.* Thus haue you ſeen, the valiant *Caradoc*,  
Mounting the Chariot of eternall fame;  
Whom, mighty Fortune, Regent of this Globe,  
Which Nauigators call terreſtriall,  
Attends vpon: and like a careful Nurſe,  
That ſings ſweet Lullabies vnto her babe,

Crowns



## THE VALIANT

Crowns her beloued Minion with content,  
 And sets him on the highest Spire of Fame.  
 Now to *Gedernus*, King of warlike Brittain, 150  
 Opprest with Romane Legions is he gone,  
 Spur'd on vvith matchlesse resolution,  
 And in the battell, as your selues shall see,  
 Fights like a *Nemean* Lyon,  
 Or like those Giants, that to cope vvith *Ioue*,  
 Hurl'd *Osla* vpon *Peleon*, heap'd hill on hill,  
 Mountaine on mountaine, in their boundles rage.  
 But in the meane time dreadlesse of trecherous plots,  
 The Bastard playes his *Rex*, whose ancient fore  
 Beginnes to fester, and now breakes the head  
 Of that Impostume malice had begot.  
 Now *Cornewall*, *Gloster*, twinnes of some *Incubus*,  
 And some and heyre to hells Imperiall Crowne,  
 The Bastard *Codigune*, conspire the death  
 Of olde *Oftanian*. Those that faine would know  
 The manner how, obserue this silent show.

*Enter a dumbe show; Codigune, Gloster and Cornwall at the  
 one dore: After they consult a litle while, enter at the o-  
 ther dore, Oftanian, Guiniuer, and Voads, the sister of Cara-  
 doc: they seeme by way of intreaty, to inuite them: they  
 offer a cup of wine vnto Oftanian, and he is poysoned. They  
 take Guiniuer and Voads, and put them in prison. Codigune  
 is crowned King of Wales.*

*Bardh.* The trecherous Bastard, with his complices,  
*Cornwall* and *Gloster*, did inuite the King,  
 Fayre *Guiniuer* and beautilous *Voads*,  
 The sister of renowned *Caradoc*,  
 Vnto a sumptuous feast, vvwhose costly outside  
 Gaue no suspicion to a foule intent.  
 And had *Cassandra* (as she did at *Troy*  
 Foretelt the danger of the Grecian horse,

That







WELSHMAN.

That *Simon* counterfeyted with his teares,) .  
 Prefaged this Treason; like to some nightly dream  
 Of some superfluous brayne begot in wine,  
 It had beene onely fabulous, and extinct  
 Euen with the same breath, that she brought it forth,  
 Like some abortiue Oracle, so beguiles  
 The Syrens songs, and teares of Crocodiles.  
 At this great banquet, great *Ostianian*  
 Was poysoned, and the wife of *Caradoc*,  
 Together with his beautilous sister led  
 Vnto a lothsome prison, and the Crowne  
 Inuested on the head of *Codigune*  
 The enuious Bastard. Here leaue we them a while :  
 And now to Bryttayne let vs steare the course  
 Of our attention, where this worthy Sunne  
 That shines within the firmament of Wales,  
 Was like himselfe, thrice welcom'd, till the spleene  
 Of that malicious *Gloster* did pursue  
 In certaine letters, sent to *Gedernus* King,  
 Whose sister he had married, his defame  
 Wales lost, in liuely Scenes wee le shew the same.

ACTVS 2. SCENA. 3. *Exit Bardh.*

*Enter Gederus, King of Bryttaine, Prince Gald,  
 Caradoc, Lord Morgan, Manron and  
 Constantine.*

*Gede.* Once more, braue Peeres of Wales, welcome to  
 Herein *Ostianian* shewes his kingly loue, (Bryttayne.  
 That in this rough sea of inuasion,  
 When the high swelling tempests of these times  
 Oreflow our Bryttish banks, and *Cesar*s rage,  
 Like to an Inundation, drownes our land,  
 To send so many warlike Souldiours,  
 Conducted by the flowres of famous Wales.

D

Now

## THE VALIANT

Now *Cesar*, vvhhen thou dar'st, vvee are prepared.  
 Brittaines vvould rather die, then be outdared.  
 But soft, vvhat messenger is this?

*Enter a Messenger with a letter.*

Speake Messenger, from whom, or whence thou comest.

*Mess.* From Wales, my Lord, sent in all post-haste,  
 From noble Earle of Gloster, to your Grace,  
 With this letter.

*Gedrus reads it.*

*Mor.* From Wales! I pray you, good postes and messengers, tell vs, how fares all our friends, our Cousin. ap Guiniuer, ap Caradoc, ap Uada.

*Mess.* I know them not.

*He strikes him.*

*Morgan*, Cads blue-hood, know not our Cousin? Ile giue her such a blow on the pate, Ile make her know her cousins. Cads zwownes, hee had best tell her, he knowes not her nose on her face. This fellow was porne at hogs Norton, where pigges play on the Organ. Posts call you her? Sploud, were a simple Carpenter to build house on such posts: not know our Cousins?

*Gedrus.* This letter from our brother *Gloster* sent, Intreates me, not to trust the gilded outsides Of these strangers. We know our brother well:

He is a man of honourable parts,  
 Iudicious, vpon no slight surmise,  
 Giues vs intelligence, it shall bee so.

Weele trust a friend; afore an vnknowne foe.  
 Prince *Caradoc*, you with your forces lye vpon yon hill;  
 From whence, vnlesse you see our Army faint,

Or discouraged by the *Romane* bands,  
 There keepe your standing.

*A Drum afarre off.*

Harke, *Romane Cesar* comes: now Brittaines fight,  
 Like *Brutus* sonnes, for freedome and for right.

*Alarm.*

*Exeunt Gedrus and his company.*

*Caradoc, Mauren, Constantine, & Morgan manent.*

*Cara.* Disgraced by letters: shifted to a hill?

54

Fond







# W E L S H M A N.

Fond King, thy words, and all the trecherous plots  
 Of secret mischiefe, sinke into the gulfe  
 Of my obliuion: memory, be dull,  
 And thinke no more on these disgracefull ayres,  
 My fury relisht. King,  
 Set punies to keepe hills, that scarce haue read  
 The first materiall Elements of warre,  
 That winke to see a Canoncere giue fire,  
 And like an Aspin, shakes his coward ioynts,  
 At musket shot. Within these noble veynes,  
 There runnes a current of such high-borne bloud,  
*Achilles* well may father for his owne.  
 These honourable sparkes of man wee keepe,  
 Descended linially from *Hectors* race,  
 And must be put in action. Shall I stand,  
 Like gazing Figure-flingers on the statres,  
 Obseruing motion, and not moue my selfe?  
 Hence with that basenesse. I that am a starre,  
 Must moue, although I moue irregular.  
 Goe you vnto the hill, in some disguise.  
 Ile purchase honour by this enterprisc. *Exeunt. Alarum.*

## ACTVS 2. SCENA 4.

*Enter at the one dore Gederus, and Prince Gald: at the o-  
 ther, Claudius, and common Souldiers. They fight. Clau-  
 dius beates them in. Then enters Caradoc, and pursues  
 Claudius. Presently enters Cesar and Caradoc figh-  
 ting.*

*Claud.* Hold, valiant Bryttaine, hold thy warlike hands.  
*Cara.* Then yeeld thy selfe, proud Romane,  
 Or by those gods the Bryttaines doe adore,  
 Not all thy Romane hoste shall saue thy life.

*Clau.* Then souldiour, (for thy valour speakes thee so,)  
 Know, that thou hast no common prisoner,

## THE VALIANT

But such a one, whose eminence and place  
 Commaunds officious duty through Rome:  
 Then if thy inward parts deserue no lesse  
 In honours eye, then thy meane habite shewes,  
 Release me, that a publike infamy  
 Fall not vpon me by the scandalous hoste,  
 Whose Criticke censure, to my endlesse shame,  
 Will runne diuision on the chaunce of warre,  
 And brand my fortune with blacke obloquy:  
 And by my honour, that the Romanes hold  
 As deare as life, or any other good  
 The heauens can giue to man, the battell donne,  
 Ile pay my ransome in a treble some.

*Ca.* Know, Romane, that a Brytayne scorns thy gold.  
 Let *Midas* broode adore that Deity,  
 And dedicate his soule vnto this saint:  
 Souldiours haue mines of honourable thoughts,  
 More wealthy then the Indian veynes of gold,  
 Beyond the value of rich *Tagus* shore:  
 Their Eagle-feathered actions scorne to stoope  
 To the base lure of vsurers and slaues.  
 Let painefull Marchants, whose huge riding ships  
 Teare vp the furrowes of the Indian deepe,  
 To shun the slauiish load of pouerty,  
 Gape after massie golde: the wealth we craue,  
 Are noble actions, and an honoured graue.  
 Ile take no money, Romane:  
 But since thou seemest no counterfeit impression,  
 But bearest the Royall Image of a man,  
 Giue me some priuate token from thy hands,  
 That's generally knowne vnto thy friends,  
 That if by chance I coine to Rome,  
 I may be knowne to be your friend.

*Claud.* Here, worthy Brytayne, take this golden Lyon,  
 And weare it about thy necke: This when thou comest,  
 Will quickly finde me out, Souldiour, adieu.

*Cesar*





# WELSHMAN.

*Cesar* is bound both to the gods and you.

*Exit.*

*Enter Prince Gald. They sound a retreat.*

*Gald.* The Romane Eagle hangs her haggard wings,  
And all the Army's fled; all by the strength  
And opposition of one common man,  
In shew, not farre superiour to a Souldiour,  
That's hyred with pay, or prest vnto the field:  
But in his manly carryage, like the sonne  
Of some vnconquered valiant Mermedon.  
Sure, tis some god-like spirite, that obscures  
His splendour in these base and borrowed clouds  
Of common Souldiours habit. All my thoughts  
Are wrapt in admiration, and I am deepe in loue  
With those perfections, onely that my eye  
Beheld in that fayre object. Thus haue I left the field,  
To interchange a word or two with him.  
And see, in happy time he walkes alone.  
Well met, braue souldiour: may a Prince be bolde  
To aske thy name, thy nation and thy birth?

*Cara.* Fayre Prince, you question that you know already.  
I am not what I seeme, but hither sent, *He discloses*  
On honourable termes, to ayd this King: *himselfe.*  
Which he vnkingly, basely did refuse,  
And in reward of this his proffered good,  
Vngratefully returnd (what other Kings  
With princely donatiues would recompence).  
My seruice with iniurious contempt:  
But I, in lieu of this disgracefull wrong,  
Haue done him right, and through the iawes of death,  
Haue brought a glorious triumph to his Crowne,  
And hung sweet peace about his palace gates.  
True honour should doe that, which enuy hates.

*Gald.* Fayre Map of honour, where my reason reades  
Each nauigable circle, that contains



## THE VALIANT

My happy voyage to the land of fame :  
 Say, vertuous Prince, may *Gald* become so blest  
 To follow thy fayre hopes, and linke his soule  
 In an vnited league of endlesse loue :  
 Nor scorne a Princes proffer : for by heauen,  
 What I intrude, thy vertue hath inforst,  
 And like the powerfull Loadstone, drawne my thoughts  
 To limne out vertue: for exactly done,  
 By artificiall nature, to the life,  
 In thy fayre modell shaddowed curiously,  
 How like *Pigmalion*, do my passions dote  
 On this fayre picture! will you accept me Prince?

*Cara*. Most willingly, kind Prince :  
 And may as yet this *Embrio* of our loues  
 Grow to his manly vigour : 'tis loue alone,  
 That, of diuided soules, makes onely one.  
 Who then adores not loue, whose sacred power  
 Vnites those soules, diuision would deuoure?  
 Come, gentle Prince, let vs goe see our friends  
 I left vpon yon Hill, to keepe our forts,  
 And thence to Wales, where double ioyes attend  
 A beautifull wife, and a most constant friend.

*Exeunt,*

## ACTVS 2. SCENA 5.

*Enter Morion, the foolish Knight, and his man  
 Ratbane.*

*Morion*. Come, *Ratbane*: Oh the intolerable paine that  
 I suffer for the loue of the Fayry Queene! my heeles are all  
 kybde in the very heate of my affection, that runnes down  
 into my legs : me thinkes I could eate vp a whole Brokers  
 shoppe at a meale, to be eased of this loue.

*Ratf*. Oh master, you would haue a villainous many of  
 pawnes in your belly. Why, you are of so vveake a nature,  
 you vould hardly digest a Seruingmans Liucry in your  
 belly, vvithout a vomit.

*Mo-*







# WELSHMAN.

*Morion.* I assure thee, thou sayest true, tis but grosse meate. But *Ratbane*, thou toldst mee of a rare fellow, that can tell misfortunes, and can coniure: prethee bring me to him. Ile giue him somewhat, to helpe mee to speake with the Fayry Queene.

Whose face like to a Butchers doublet lookes,  
Varnisht with tallow of some beautilous Oxe;  
Or like the aprons of some Pie-corner Cookes,  
Whose breath smells sweeter then a hunted Foxe :  
Whose eyes, like two great foot-balls made of lether,  
Were made to heate the gods in frosty weather.

*Ratb.* Oh, happy that man, that hath a bedfellow of these amiable parts. Oh master, if her visible parts bee such, her inuifible parts are able to make an Italian run mad: hee loues an armful. But master, see, heres the man I told you of.

*Enter the Juggler and his man.*

*Juggler.* You know my mind, sir, be gone.  
I haue obseru'd this Idiot, and intend,  
To gull the Coxcombe: therefore I did translate  
My selfe this day into this cunning shape.  
I oft haue heard the foole strongly perswade  
Himselfe, to be the Fayry Queenes chiefe Loue,  
And that by her he shall subdue the Turke,  
And plucke great *Otoman* from off his throne.  
This I will worke on.

*Morion.* Sir, and't shall please you, I come to know some of that excellent skill, the world hath blisterde mine eares with.

*Jug.* Sir *Thomas Morion*, for so are you called,  
Darling vnto the beautilous Fayry Queene;  
Your fortunes shall bee such, as all the world  
Shall wonder at *Pheanders* noble name:  
For otherwise, so are you also named.  
I know to what intent you hither come:  
You come to see your Loue, the Fayry Queen;  
And talke with her here in this silent place.

Her

## THE VALIANT

Her nimble Fayries, and her selfe do vse  
 Oft to repayre: and long it will not be,  
 Ere she com hither: but thus much you must know  
 You must not talke to her, as to a Queene  
 Of earthly substance: for she is a pure  
 And simple spirit, without Elements:  
 Wherefore, without any mortall thing  
 That may annoy her most immortall sense,  
 You must goe, humbly creeping on your hands,  
 Without your Doublet, Rapier, Cloke or Hose,  
 Or any thing that may offend her nose.  
 And see, see, yonder she comes; if you wil speake with her,  
 You must doe as I tell you.

*Enter the Fayry Queene.*

*Morion.* Oh helpe me quickly;  
 Come, *Ratbane*, vncase, my loue is come.  
*He strips himselfe, and creepes vpon his hands, with his man.*  
 Great Queene, thou soueraigne of *Pheanders* heart,  
 Vouchsafe a word vnto thy Mayden Knight,  
 That bowes his guts vnto thy mighty face.

*Fayry Q.* Follow me this way.

*Shee falls downe vnder the Stage, and he followes her, and  
 falls into the ditch.*

*Morion.* Helpe, *Ratbane*, helpe, helpe.

*Ratf.* Help? why, where are you? I thought you had been  
 in the hole by this time; Come, giue me your hand. You  
 follow the Fayry Queene?

*Mor.* Come, come, say nothing: wee le goe home like  
 fooles as we came.

Come, my clothes, my clothes.

*Ratf.* Cods lid, clothes! Now we may go home worse  
 fooles then we came. Sfoot, this cunning Rascall meanes  
 to set vs a hay making. Sfoote, we are fitte for the Dogge-  
 house, we are flayde already.

*Mor.* Well, we may goe home with the naked truth.  
 Its no matter, A mans a man, though hee haue but a hose  
 on his head,

*Enter*







# WELSHMAN.

## ACTVS 3. SCENA I.

*Enter Codigune, Gloster, and Cornwall with Souldiours vp in Armes.*

*Codig.* Now friends and fellow Souldiours in iust Arms,  
Prepare your selues against the haughty foe,  
Who, as wee heare, marches not farre from hence.  
What we haue done, by force wee make it good,  
Or seale our bold attempts, with death and bloud.

*Gloster.* King, keepe your owne; maugre all opposition,  
If he come hither to demandaund your right,  
And with his rebell troopes disturbe the peace  
Of what both gods and men haue made your own,  
Maintain the quarrell with your awfull power,  
Be it right or wrong; behaue your selfe like *Ioue*,  
And strike with thunder his base insolence:  
Discourie not what is done, nor how, nor when.  
Onely Kings wils are Lawes for other men.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Codig.* What tidings brings this sweating Messenger?

*Messen.* My Lord, Prince *Caradoc*, returnd from Brittain,  
Is with his Army marching hitherwards.

*Cod.* He comes vnto his death. Now, *Codigune*,  
Banish al timorous thoughts: think what thou art;  
A King. That word is able to infuse  
Boldnesse, as infinite, as that we call  
The worlds first mouer. Why, the name of King  
Were able to create a man of stone,  
With more then animall courage, to inspire  
Dulnesse, with nerued resolution.  
Then, *Codigune*, like *Atlas*, on thy backe,  
Support thy Kingdomes Arch, vntill it cracke.  
March forward.

*Exeunt.*

# THE VALIANT

## ACTVS 3. SCENA 2.

*Enter Caradoc, Gald, Maurren, Constantine, Lord Morgan,  
Earle of Anglesey, with colours and Souldiours.*

*Cara.* I was not wont, deare friends, to be so dull.  
I am all lead, as if my subtle soule  
Had left his lodging in this house of clay.  
Each empty corner of my faculties,  
And vnderstanding powers, swell with dreames  
And dire presages of some future ill:  
Gastly and fearefull specters haunt my sleepe.  
And, if there be, as Heathen men affirme,  
Some godlike sparks in mans diuining soule,  
Then my propheticke spirite tels me true,  
That some sad newes attends my steps in Wales.  
I long to heare what mischiefe, or what good,  
Hath hapned, since I parted from the King.

*Enter Morion.*

*Morion.* Oh father, father, foot, I sweate, as if I had been  
buried in a Tunne of hote graynes.

*Morg.* Come you Coxcombe, leaue your proclamati-  
ons and your preambles, and tell her the naked truth.

*Morion.* My Father knowes all.

Indeed, father, the naked truth is, that the Fayry Queene  
robd me of all my clothes: you might haue seen me as poore  
as an Open-arse. But I can tell you newes; the King is  
poysoned; Lord *Codigune* crowned; The Lady *Gwinuer*, &  
the young Gentlewoman imprisoned.

*Morgan.* But harke you me, sonne *Morion*; is all this true,  
or inuented of her owne foolish pates and imaginashions?

*Morion.* Why, I pray you, father, when did you heare a  
Gentleman of Wales tell lyes?

*Morgan.* Her tell her true in that; tis the praucest Nati-  
on vnder the Sunnes for that. Harke you me, sonnes; be Cad,  
it







# W E L S H M A N.

it is a great teale petter to be a thiefe, then a lyar, I warrant her.

*Gald.* What, Royall Prince, can chaunce predominate  
Ouer a mind, that, like the soule, retaynes  
A harmony of such concordant tunes?  
No sudden accident should make to iarre.  
This tenement of clay, in which our soule  
Dwels in, vntill the Lease of life indures,  
Of learned men was well called, *Microcosme*,  
Or, little world: ouer whose mortall parts  
The starres doe gouerne, whose immortall power  
Sometimes begets a fatall birth of woe;  
Sometimes againe inuerts their sullen course  
To vnexpected Reuels, turnes our Critticke howres  
To Cricket merriment; yet is there meanes that barrs  
Their hatefull influence. Wisdome rules the starres.  
You haue lost a Father: Vse the Athenians breath,  
*Graue Solons; No mans happy untill death.*

*Cara.* Oh, louing Prince, thus the Physician speaks  
To the disordered Patient: thus healthfull Arte  
Conferres with wounded Nature. Tis a common trick,  
Men being sound, giue Phisicke to the sicke.  
Fayre Prince, misconster not my discontent;  
I grieue not, that *Ostauian* is deprived  
Of life; but that he hath exchanged  
His life, for such a miserable death.  
What villaine, but a prodigie of nature,  
Ingendred by some Comet, would haue forst  
His aged soule to wander in the ayre?  
Bearing a packet of such ponderous sinnes,  
Would cracke the Axel-tree of heauen to beare.  
And not haue giuen him liberty to pray?  
But I am armde with patience. First with words  
Wee secke to conquer; and if not, by swords.  
March round; I heare their Drummes.



# THE VALIANT

## ACTVS 3. SCENA 3.

*Enter Codigune, Gloster, Cornwall, with  
colours and souldiours.*

*Codig.* Now, *Caradoc*; what ist thou canst demanda?

*Morg.* Cousin *Caradoc*, I pray you hold her peace a little.

*Codig.* Ile heare no mad men speake.

*Morg.* Cads blu-hood, take her for Bedlems, & mad mens?

*He offers to strike him.*

*Cara.* Be patient, Cousin. *Codigune*, in brieft,  
I come to clayme my right, that thou vsurpest,  
And by sinister meanes, blacke as thy sinnes,  
Hast basely stolne: surrender first my wife,  
My sister, and the Kingdome of South wales;  
Or by the gods, to whom I stand obliged,  
In sacred bonds of Orizons and thankses,  
For life and motion: if thou refuse to doe it,  
Or moue that bloud boyles within my veynes,  
At the memoriall of thy hellish sinne,  
Ile teare the Crowne from off thy cursed head,  
And eyther die my selfe, or strike thee dead.

*Cod.* *Caradoc*, thou claymest South-Wales of vs,  
Nor that, nor wife, nor sister shalt thou haue;  
But if thou long'st for any, aske a graue.  
The high-swolne pride of Maiesty and loue,  
Brookes no competitors; its thus decreede,  
Who shares with them, must for the booty bleed.  
Ech Planet keeps his Orbe, which being resign'd,  
Perhaps, by greater lights would be outshinde.

*Car.* Sweet Patience, yet instruct my toung awhile  
To speake the language of a temperate soule.

*Codigune*, marke vwhat Ile offer thee:

Since that the wrongs, which basely thou hast bred  
Cannot be reconciled, but by the death

Of





T WEE SHMAN.

Of millions, that must suffer for vs two;  
 And we the authors of what wars and bloud  
 Shall in her franticke outrage lauish out:  
 (For tis a thing that honour scornes to doe,  
 That multitudes should perish for vs two.)  
 Thou art a man, if actions like thy words;  
 Be but proportionable, that disdaynest  
 To fight with crauen baseneste all on odds:  
 Nor doe I thinke thy honour so profuse,  
 That guiltlesse men should bleed for thy abuse:  
 Then, if thou darest: And once more to augment  
 Thy Bastard courage, againe, I dare thee fight,  
 Euen in a single Monomachy, hand to hand  
 And, if by chance (as man is nought but chance)  
 Thou conquerest me, I will become thy slaue,  
 Confirme my right to thee, and to thy heyres;  
 And if I ouercome, doe thou the like:  
 How sayest thou: wilt thou accept this offer?  
 Cod. It pleases me, and here in sight of heauens,  
 By all my hopes of immortality,  
 I will performe what thou hast brauely spoken:  
 I loue thee for this honourable requies,  
 And will as fearelesse entertaine this fight,  
 As a good conscience doth the cracks of Ioue:  
 Cara. Then as we are, souldiers, begin vs round;  
 And let no man disturbe the Combatants,  
 Till one, or both, fall to the other earth:  
 For thus be vvell assured, the cause being right,  
 Immortall spirits doe for iustice fight.

*They fight at Poleaxe, Codrington  
 is conquered.*

*Gloster. Now, Gloster, flie and smother thy head with shame.  
 Morg. Oads bane hood, promysed not paynes for calling  
 Cara. Rise, He paye thy life.*



## THE VALIANT

Reuenge sufficient for thy damned facts;  
For to a seared conscience these doe well,  
Long life, mens hate, and a perpetuall hell.  
Yet, that thou mayest liue, to atone thy soule  
Vnto the angry heauens, I freely giue  
The Kingdome of North-Wales for terme of life,  
To thy dispose; onely reseruing tribute to my selfe,  
In iust acknowledgement of me and mine.

*Cod.* Know, *Caradoc*, since by the chance of war,  
I must be forst to render vp that right,  
That like a slaue I might haue kept by might,  
I scorne thy gifts, and rather chuse to liue  
In the vast wildernes with fatall Owles,  
Free from the malice of base buzzard Chaunce,  
And there in husht vp silence rauing goe;  
Then earth, except be hell, no place so low.

Then with high almes, *Aside.*  
He to the Romanes, and there plot, pell mell.  
Vessels that once are seasoned, keepe their smell.

Welshmen, farewell; and *Caradoc* adieu;  
Vnder the heauens, we haue no foe but you. *Exit.*

*Cornewall.* Now Royall Prince, since happy victory  
Hath set a period to a bloudy fight,  
*Cornewall*, in humble manner, here presents  
Himselfe and seruice to your Princely Grace.

*Cara.* *Cornewall*, although thy actions not deserue  
The least respect of vs, in taking part  
With the aspiring Bastard, and the rest  
Of his adherents; yet we doe omit  
All former iniuries, and reunite  
*Cornewall* vnto our loue.

*Corn.* Then Princes, ioyne with *Cornewall*, and in throne  
True honour and deserts, with what's her owne.  
Ascend your Chayte, sayre Pfince.

*The Trumpets flourish, omnes.* They crowne him.

*Omnes.* Long liue *Caradoc*, King of Wales. *Cara.*







# WELSHMAN.

*Cara.* We thanke you Princes. This being done, wee see  
Our beautionous Queene and sister both set free.

*Enter Gloster solus.*

Now, *Gloster*, in this still and silent wood,  
Whose vnfrequented pathes do lead thy steps  
Vnto the dismall caue of hellish fiends;  
With whom, a Witch, as vgly to confront,  
As are the fearefull Furies she commaunds,  
Liues in this solitary vncouth place;  
Begin thy damned plots, banish that thred-bare thought  
Of Vertue,  
Which makes vs men so senselesse of our wrong,  
It makes vs beare the poyson of each tongue.  
No, *Gloster*, no, he, whose meeke bloud's so coole  
To beare all wrongs, is a religious foole:  
Or he that cannot finely knit reuenge,  
Like to *Aracne*, in a curious web,  
May wounds still fit a Nightcap for his head,  
Since I am forst to flie with foule disgrace,  
And since of gods or men no hope I finde,  
Ile vse both hell and Fiends to ease my minde.  
Here dwels a famous Witch, who, with her sonne,  
As blacke in arte, as arte it selfe is blacke,  
Both memorable for their Magickes skill,  
That can command sterne vengeance from beneath  
The center of the earth, for to appeare  
As quicke as thought. To her Ile tell the tale  
Of my reuenge, and with the golden Chimes  
Of large rewards, inchaunt her hellish eares.  
And see: their monstros shapes themselues appeares.

## ACTVS 3. SCENA 4.

*Enter the Witch and her sonne from the Caue.*

*Gloster.* Thou famous Mistrisse of the vknown depths  
Of

# THE VALIANT

Of bels infernall forces, oh what reward: leads: W. and O  
 Shall a despised, miserable man, O crowne and O  
 Chased from the confines of his native land,  
 By wrong oppression, and insulting pride: in the most  
 Disgrace, contempt, and endless injury,  
 Gine for redreffe from thy commanding art: and O  
*Whose* *Glister*, I knowe thee wel, although disguised: for the  
 Thou comest to cruse our helpe, for thy revenge.  
 'Ginist *Carnie*, who now hath vanquished  
 The *Sauard* *Codgers* in single fight.  
 Knowe *Glister*, that our skill  
 Commands the *Magne* drop from her siluer sphere,  
 And all the starres to raiue their golden beads,  
 At the blacke humour that our Charms present.  
*Aske* thou wies downe the crinching Arch of heauen,  
 And leanes his burthen at our dreadfull spells.  
 This pendant element of fould earth,  
 Shakes with amazing Earth quakes, as if the frame  
 Of this vast continent would leane her poles,  
 Nowe freds high, and with unpious rage  
 Dulnes the hungry Anger, with pines,  
 Against the Chastall burthenes of heauen.  
 The troubled ayre appeares in flakes of fire,  
 That, till about the ayres circumference,  
 We make the upper Region  
 Thicke, full of small Comets, and the skie  
 Is filde with fiery signes of armed men.  
 Hell roares, when we are angry, and the Friends  
 As schole-boys, tremble at our Charming rod.  
 Thus, when we are displeased, or make contrarie,  
 Both hell obeyes, and eury Element.

*Glister*. Thou matchles wonder, worke by my revenge,  
 And by the triple *Blasphemy*, and the powers  
 Your Charms adore, Ile load you with a ryght  
 Of gold and treasure, till you cry, No more.  
 I want great soules of art, I want strong arms, and T. and

Whose





# THE VALIANT

Of hels infernall secrets, oh vvhat reuward  
 Shall a dejected, miserable man,  
 Chased from the confines of his native land,  
 By vvrong oppression, and insulting pride,  
 Disgrace, contempt, and endlesse infamy,  
 Giue, for redresse from thy commanding arte?  
*Witch. Gloster*, I know thee wel, although disguised:  
 Thou comest to craue our helpe, for thy reuenge  
 Gainst *Caradoc*, who now hath vanquished  
 The Bastard *Codrigune* in single fight.  
 Know *Gloster*, that our skill  
 Commaunds the Moone drop from her siluer sphere,  
 And all the starres to vayne their golden heads,  
 At the blacke horror that our Charmes present,  
*Atlas* throwes downe the twinkling Arch of heauen,  
 And leaues his burthen at our dreadfull spels.  
 This pendant element of solid earth,  
 Shakes with amazing Earth quakes, as if the frame  
 Of this vast continent would leaue her poles,  
*Neptune* swels high, and with impetuous rage  
 Dashes the haughty Argoscy with winds,  
 Against the Christall battlements of heauen.  
 The troubled ayre appears in flakes of fire,  
 That, till about the ayres circumference,  
 We make the vpper Region  
 Thicke, full of fatall Comets, and the skie  
 Is filde with fiery signes of armed men.  
 Hell roares, when we are angry, and the Fiends  
 As schole-boyes, tremble at our Charming rod.  
 Thus, when we are displeased, or male-content,  
 Both hell obeyes, and euery Element.

*Gloster*. Thou matchles wonder, worke but my reuenge,  
 And by the triple *Hecate*, and the povvers  
 Your Charmes adore, Ile load you vvith a vvaight  
 Of gold and treasure, till you cry, No more.  
 Inuent, great soule of arte, some stratagem,

Whose







# W E L S H M A N.

Whose fame may draw him to these dismal woods.  
No danger can out-dare his thirsty soule  
In honourable enterprizes: he is a man,  
Should hell oppose him, of such dauntlesse mettall,  
That were but fame the end of his archicueiment,  
He would as boldly cope with it, as with things  
Of common danger.

*Witch.* Then *Gloster*, harke: Here in this dismall Groue,  
By arte I will create a furious beast,  
Mou'd by a subtile spirit, full of force  
And hellish fury, whose deuouring iawes  
Shall hauocke all the borderers of Wales,  
And in short space vnpeople all his Townes.  
Now, if he be a man that seeks for fame,  
And grounds his fortunes on the popular loue,  
Or Kinglike doe preferre a common good,  
Before a priuate losse; this famous taske,  
Whose fearefull rumour shall amaze the world,  
Will egge him on: where being once but come,  
He surely meetes with his destruction.  
Sonne, to this purpose, straitway to thy booke,  
Enter the Caue, and call a powerfull spirit by thy skill,  
Commaund him instantly for to appeare,  
And with thy Charmes, binde him vnto the shape  
Of a deuouring Serpent, whilest without  
We doe awayte his comming. *Exit Magician.*

## *Thunders and Lightning.*

Now whirle the angry heauens about the Pole,  
And in their fuming choler dart forth fires,  
Like burning *Aetna*, being thus inraged  
At this imperious Necromantike arte.  
*Dis* trembles at our Magicall commaund,  
And all the flaming vawtes of hells *Abisse*,  
Throw forth sulphureous flakes of scorching fire.  
The iangling hell-hounds, with their hellish guizes,  
F Daunce

## THE VALIANT

Dance damned rounds, in their infernall rage.  
And to conclude, earth, water, ayre, and fire,  
And hell grow sicke, to see mans arte aspire.  
A generall enuy makes them malecontent,  
To see deepe arte commaund each element.  
See, *Gloster*, see, thinkes he, this monstrous shape

*Enter the Serpent.*

Will not abate the courage of his foe,  
And quell the haughty pride of *Caradoc*?

*Gloster*. Yes, mighty Artist, were he thrice inspirde  
With more then humane courage, he may as soone  
Conquer those matchlesse Giants, that were set  
To keepe the Orchard of Hesperides,  
Or match the labours of great *Hercules*.

*Enter the Serpent. It thunders.*

*Witch*. Goe shrowde thy horrid shape within this wood,  
And seize on all thou meetst. Come, *Gloster*, in,  
And here awhile abide within this Caue.  
Thy eyes shall see what thy vext soule did craue. *Exeunt.*

## ACTVS 3. SCENA 5.

*Enter Ostorius Scapula, Marcus Gallicus, Manlius  
Valens, Cessius Nasica, and Codigune in Armes.*

*Ostorius*. Now, valiant Romanes, once more do we tread  
Vpon the bosome of the Bryttish ground:  
And by the gods that doe protect great Rome,  
Weele now acquite great *Cesars* foule disgrace,  
Or die like Romanes in this forrayne place.

*Marcus*. Me thinks, it is a shame to Rome and vs,  
That haue beene counted famous through the world,  
For matchlesse victories, and feates of armes,  
That such a petty Hand should repulse  
So huge an army of the Romane strength,  
Able to sacke the spacious walles of Troy,

To







# WELSHMAN.

To leuell Babels pride euen with the ground :  
 An Ile, that in respect of *Cesars* power,  
 Is like the Center, to the ample heauens;  
 A poynt, vnto a large circumference;  
 Small atomes, to the body of the Sunne.  
 Sure, this Welshman works by Magicke spels,  
 Or, tis impossible, if he be a man,  
 Compos'd of flesh and bloud, sinewes and nerues,  
 He should out-dare so puissant an host.

*Codsg.* Great Generall, that which he holds, is mine;  
 And though infor't by violence and wrong,  
 From that which Nature left my heritage:  
 Yet, since I see such hopes, so fayrely sprung  
 From such an honourable head, as Rome,  
 Whose fame for honour, cheualry and armes,  
 Out-shines all Nations with her glorious rayes:  
 This *Caradoc*, whom men doe causlesse feare,  
 Is of condition insolent and proud,  
 Ambitious, tyrannous, speckled with euery vice  
 The infectious time can harbour. Say, we confesse him bold,  
 And of a courage that grim visag'd death,  
 The obiect of true valour, cannot daunt;  
 Though *Proteus*-like, he came in thousand shapes,  
 What's he, comparde to numbers infinite?  
 Or that Imperiall Rome, whose Eagle eyes  
 Haue gaz'd against the sunne of matchlesse tryumphs,  
 Should basely feare a weake and silly Fly?  
 This Welshman is all superficiall,  
 Without dimensions, and like a mountaine swels,  
 In labour onely with great ayry words,  
 Whose birth is nothing, but a silly Mouse;  
 Actions without their measure or their weight.  
 Then, Romanes, derogate not from the worth,  
 That time in ancient Chronicles records  
 Of your eternall honours got in warre.  
 But if you prize your honours more then life,



## THE VALIANT

Or humane happinesse, here's a noble cause

Of wrong and vsurpation, to erect

A statue to your dying memory.

Then on, great Generall, waue the Romane Eagle,

Euen to the Tents of haughty *Caradoc*,

And with my blood Ile second this braue fight,

Or hide my shame by death in endlesse night.

*Ostor*. Brauely resolu'd, Ere long, assure thy selfe,

Weele seate thee in thy ancient dignity,

And force to *Cesar* homage, and to Rome:

And, though we feare not one particular man,

Yet, for because we truely are inform'd,

That *Caradoc* is strong and puissant,

For ten dayes wee intend to make a truce,

And in the meane time to make strong our hoste:

Which if he doe refuse, the time expired,

To render vp thy right, which he detaines;

Warre, like some gnawing vulture shall attend

Vnto their finall ruine, and their end.

And to that purpose, *Marcus Gallicus*

Shall as a Legate both from Rome and vs,

Instantly giue them knowledge: the time's but short:

And till the date's expirde, prepare for sport. *Exeunt.*

### ACTVS 4. SCENA 1.

*Enter Caradoc, Guininer. Voada, his sister, Mauron,  
Constantine, Gald, Lord Morgan.*

*Cara*. Now, beautilous Queen & sister, though our tedious

In warlike Bryttaine, hath beene the cause (absence

Of your imprisonment, yet, at our returne,

The gods in iustice haue repayde the wrong,

Done to your beauties by base trechery,

And forst that damned instrument of sinne,

To hide his bastard head in endlesse shame.

Then,





# W E L S H M A N.

Then, Royall Queene, (for that's a stile befits  
The royall vertues of such peerelesse lustre)  
Ascend your Throne, vvhilest equally with me,  
You part, vvith full applause, your soueraignety.

*A flourish. Shee is crowned.*

*Ommes.* Long liue Queene *Guiniuer*, Queene of Cambria.

*Guin.* Thanks, Royall Lord. Oh, may these smiling stars,  
That kindly haue conioynd each others loue,  
And of two bodies louingly made one,  
Crovne all thy actions vvith a gracious looke,  
And make thee fortunate in peace and vvarre.  
Not all the trecherous complots of that Fiend,  
Restraint of free ayre, close imprisonment,  
Could vvith their strange appearances imprint  
Such feeling Characters of sudden woe,  
As your great conquest doth create nev v ioy,  
And exultation of your dangers past.

*Cara.* Thanks, gentle Loue. Now sister *Voads*,  
The duty and the care that euer since  
My reason could distinguish, and that fraternall loue  
Nature imposed, that many Moones and yeeres  
Haue been imployde vnto the good Iowe  
Thy riper yeares, shall in this minutes space  
Befull discharged: Therefore, thrice noble friend,  
I giue vnto thy hand an Orient Pearle  
Of more esteeme, then that, which at a health  
Great *Cleopatra* did carouse in wine,  
To Romane *Anthony*. Loue her well, sweet Prince;  
Let it suffice, part of our Royall blood  
Runs through the chanel of her Azure veynes,  
And that she is our sister.

*Gald.* Right noble Prince, when *Gald* in lieu of this  
So Kingly and so rare a benefite,  
(In whom the mirrour of bright Excellence  
So cleare, and so transparantly appeares)  
Forgets to honour thee or her in loue,

## THE VALIANT

May he liue branded with some heauy curse,  
Worse then oppression of the viddowes right:  
Or when I shall forget to offer vp  
A sacrifice of my immaculate loue,  
Vnto thy beautilous altar, let me haue  
A base deformed obiect to my graue.

*Voada.* And Princely Lord, may no delightfome gale  
Of sweet content blow on this mortall state  
Of what I now possesse, if from my heart  
The deepe impression of my loue depart.

*A Trumpet within.*

*Cara.* Cousin *Morgan*, looke what Trumpet's this.

*Morgan.* I warrant her, tis for more knocks on the pate.  
Romans call you her? Be Cad, scuruy Romanes, tlfat cannot let her alone, in her own Countries. Ile choke some of her with cause bobby, or drowne her in hogshheads of Perry and Metheglin.

*He goes to the dore. Enter Marcus Gallicus.*

I pray you, from whence come her?

*Marcus.* From Rome.

*Morgan.* From Rome! And I pray you, what a poxe ayles her, that you cannot keepe her at home? haue you any Waspes in her tayles? or liue Eeles in her pelly, you cannot keepe her at home? Harke you me: I pray you, how toth *M. Cesar*? toth he neede era parbour? Looke you now: let him come to Wales, and her Cousin *Caradoc* shall trim his crownes, I warrant her.

*Marc.* I vnderstand you not.

*Morg.* Cads nayles? Cood people, doth *Morgan* speake Hebrewes or no? Vnderstand her not?

*Cara.* Now, Romane, for thy habit speaks thee so:  
Is it to vs thy message is directed?

*Marc.* Yes, Prince. And thus the Romane General sayes,  
If within ten dayes space thou wilt resigne  
Thy Kingdome to the heyre, Lord *Codigume*,  
From whom thou doest detayne it wrongfully,

Thou







## WELSHMAN.

Thou shalt haue peace : but if thou doest deny,  
Sterne warre by force, shall force it presently.

*Morg.* Harke you now, Cousin, Cads blue-hood, if you  
had beate out her praynes, you had peene quiet. Shesu, more  
troubles and fex ashions! what a orld is this?

*Cara.* Dares that damn'd Traytour ope his hellish throat  
Against our right? Or ist your Romane guize,  
To backe blacke Treasons and conspiracies?  
Embassadour, retorne vnto thy Lord :  
Within these ten dayes he shall heare from vs. *Aside.*  
But by the gods that doe vphold the frame  
And fabricke of the world, lest it should fall  
Vpon the head of that damn'd murtherer,  
It shall be to his cost. Come, let's away.

*Enter a shepheard running hastily.*

*Shep.* O mighty King, pittty thy peoples wrongs,  
And cease the clamors of both young and old,  
Whose eyes doe penetrate the gates of heauen,  
To looke vpon the tragicall mishaps,  
And bloudy spoyle of euery passenger.  
Our sheepe deuoured, our shepheards dayly slaine,  
All by a furious Serpent, not farre hence,  
Whom lesse, great King, you doe preuent in time,  
A timelesse massacre ouerruns your land,  
And danger waites, euen at your Palace gates,  
And your selfe's as incident to death,  
As euery common Hynde it hath deuoured.  
Therefore delay not, mighty Soueraigne.

*Cara.* A Serpent? where? when? how came it thither?  
Ile not demurre, Shepheard, leade on the way.  
Ile follow thee. There's danger in delay.  
Come, Cousin *Morgan*, goe along with vs.  
Princes, farewell awhile.

*Morgan.* Cads blue-hood, fight with Teuils. I warrant her,  
some

## THE VALIANT

some Embassadors from Belzebubs shortly. Here's a great teale of sturres. I pray Cad plesse her from Teuils. They are a great teale worse then Marshall men, and Bum-Bayly. From all of them, Cood Lord deliuer her. I come, Cousin.

*Guiniter.* Good Angels guide thy dangerous enterprise,  
And bring thee backe, with conquest to thy friends.  
Some powerfull Spirit houer ouer the head  
Of my deare Lort!, and gard him from the rage  
Of that fell Monster. Come, Princes, let's away.  
A womans scares can hardly stint or stay. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Marcus Gallicus. He looks after Vooda.*

*Marcus.* I haue not seene a beauty more diuine,  
A gate more like to *Innoes*, Queene of heauen.  
I cannot tell; but if there be a *Cupid*,  
Arrowes and flames, that from the sacred fires  
Of loue and passion, that fond men inspires  
With desperate thoughts, kindles our vain desires;  
Then in this brest their locall place must be.  
Oh Loue, how powerfull is thy Deity,  
That binds the vnderstanding, blinds the eye!  
Yet here's an obiect for the eye so rare,  
Deceyt can ne're beguile, it is so fayre.  
This chase Ile keepe, and cyther winne the game,  
Or lose the golden Fleece vnto my shame. *Exit.*

## ACTVS 4. SCENA 2.

*Enter Shepheard, Caradoc, Morgan.*

*Cara.* Now, shepheard, are we yet within the ken  
Of this fell monster?

*Sheph.* Not yet, my Lord: and yet, me thinks, this place  
Should not be farre.

*Car.*







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*Cara.* Then here weele stay: it may be, being hungry,  
The dreadfull monster now vvill seeke his prey, *Enter*  
And range towards vs. Come, let's walke about. *old man.*

*Old man.* Stay, ventrous Prince, and from an old mans  
Receyue the meanes, that sacred heauens decree, (hand,  
To rid thy Land from this perplexity.

No force of sword can conquer hellish fiends,  
By blacke enchantments made to take thy life :  
Thou maist with greater ease cleaue rocks asunder,  
Or with thy hands breake Adamants in twayn,  
Which nought but blood of Goates can mollifie,  
Then pierce the skales of this infernall Monster.

About thee take this precious soueraigne herbe,  
That *Mercury* to wise *Ulysses* gaue,  
To keepe him from the rage of *Cyrces* charmes.  
This precious herbe, maugre the force of hell,  
From blackest sorcery keeps sound and well.  
Farewell, great Prince. *Exit.*

*Cara.* Thanks, gentle Father. And see, the Serpent comes.

*Enter the Serpent. Caradoc shewes the herbe. The Serpent  
flies into the Temple. Cyradoc runs after. It thunders.*  
Now *Caradoc*, pursue this hellish Fiend.

*He drags the Magician out by the heeles.*  
Curfed Imposter, damn'd Inginer of plots,  
As blacke in curfed purposes, as night,  
When by your hellish charmes, she mournes in blacke  
And fable vestments; tell me, thou sonne of darkenesse,  
Where that Inuentor of mischieuous illls  
*Gloster* remaynes.

*Bluso.* There in that caue : but he is fled from thence,  
And being frantike with the horrid sight  
Of fearefull apparitions, in despayre  
Runnes vp and downe these solitary Groues,  
Where shortly Furies, with their diuelish haunts,  
Will leade him to a sad and violent death.

*Cara.* Wert thou the authour? tell vpon thy life.

G

*Bluso.* No,

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*Bluso*, No, Prince : for in this horrid Caue  
There liues my aged mother, deepe in skill  
Of Magicke Exorcismes, as the art it selfe  
Exceeds the boundlesse depth of humane wit.  
With her the Earle conspirde, to draw you hither  
By this inuention.

*Cara*. Rise, come forth, thou vgly Hagge, from thy darke  
Cell. *He plucks the Witch out by the heeles.*

Cousin *Morgan*, throw her into the flames  
Of the burning Temple.

*Hee carries her, and throwes her in.*

*Morgan*. I warrant her. By shefu, tis a hote whore.

*Cara*. On this condition doe I giue thee life,  
That first, if such an hellish art as this  
May serue to vertuous vses, then direct  
The scope of all thy skill, to ayde poore men,  
Distrest by any casualty or chance,  
And specially our friends.

*Bluso*. This *Bluso* vowes to keepe inuiolable.

*Cara*. Come, Cousin *Morgan*, Kings in this are known,  
That for their subiects liues, neglect their owne.

## ACTVS 4. SCENA 3.

*Enter a company of Rustickes bearing the body of Gloster.*

*Cara*. How now, Sirs, what heauy spectacle affronts our  
eyes?

*Clowne*. Come, my masters, euery man his part, hee shall  
be examined, ere we part with him.

*Neighbb*. Tis fit, neighbour, for he that has no more care  
of himselfe, what will he haue of another fellow?

*Cara*. Whose body is that, my friends?

*Clown*. Tis not a body, Sir, tis but a carkase, sir, some  
Gentleman it seemes; for if hee had beene a poore man, that  
labours for his liuing, he would haue found somewhat else  
to







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to doe, and not to haue hangde himselfe.

*Cara.* Alacke, alacke, a wretched case.

*Clown.* Nay truly, neuer bestow pittie on him, that could not pittie himselfe.

*Bluso.* Tis *Glosters* body, noble *Caradoc*.

*Cara.* A Traytors body, then heauens iustice showne,  
That in contriuing mischiefe for his owne.

*Mor.* If his head were taken from his shoulders, 'twere  
very well, and poale his head on a high cragge.

*Clown.* You may poale his head here, if it please you, but  
truely it is not worth the labor, for it is a fleece of the lovv-  
zest haire that euer was hanged.

*Morg.* You are a prattling Coxcombe, I would haue his  
head mounted on a poale, for all false knaues to see and  
behold.

*Clow.* Why sir, you may see it now, and the rest shall see  
it hereafter.

*Mor.* The rest sir, mercy vpon vs, doe you reckon me a  
false knaue? by *S. Danie*, I will melt a stone of tallow from  
your kidneyes.

*Cara.* Nay, good Sir *Morgan*.

*Morg.* Pray you Cousin, let me goe.

*Clow.* Let your Cousin, let him come, you shall haue dig-  
gon of Chymrade, I warrant you.

*Morg.* Harke you, harke you Cousin, he speakes Brittish,  
by sheſu, I not strike him now, if he call mee three knaues  
more. God plesse vs, if he do not speake as good Brittish,  
as any is in Troy walles. Giue me both your right hands, I  
pray you, let vs be friends for euer and euer.

*Clown.* Sir, you shall be friends with a man of credit then:  
for I haue a hundreth pound in blacke and white, simple as  
I stand here: and simple as I stand here; I am one of the  
Crowners quest at this time.

*Ommes.* I, for, simple as we all stand here, wee are no lesse  
at this time.

*Clown.* And it may be, as simple as we are here, if we say,  
G 2 he

## THE VALIANT

he shall be buried, he shall, and if we say not, it may not be neyther.

*Morg.* But he is dead, whether you will or no.

*Clo.* Not so, for he died with my good will, for I neuer wept for him.

*Morg.* And his body shall be dust, whether you wil, or no.

*Clo.* It may be not neyther, as in our wisdomes we shall conclude, perhaps weele burne him, then he shall be burned to ashes.

*Mor.* By S. *Dawies*, it is very true.

*Cl.* For anter, not so neither, weele sell him to the Apothecaries for mūmey. For anter not so neyther, it may be weele hang him vp for the Crowes meats, and then he shalbe turned to that that fals vpon their heads, that has no new clothes at Whitsontide.

*Morg.* Hold your tongue there, I beseech you.

*Clo.* You must take it as it fals, and as the foolish Fates, and so the quest decrees.

*Car.* Leauē it to themselues, they cannot dispose too ill of the remainder of so blacke a villaine. Our hidious worke is done.

*Exit Caradoc & Morgan.*

*Manent Rusticks.*

*Clo.* My masters, and fellow questmen, this is the point, we are to search out the course of law, whether this man that has hangde himselfe, be accessary to his own death or no.

1. *Nei.* Tis a hard case burlady neighbors, to iudge truly.

2. *Nei.* Sure, I do thinke he is guilty.

*Clo.* Take heed, your conscience must be vmpier in the case. I put this point to you, whether euery one that hangs himselfe, be willing to die or no?

2. *Neig.* I, I, sure he is willing.

*Cl.* I say no, for the hangman hangs himselfe, and yet he is not willing to die.

3. *Neig.* How dos the hangman hang himselfe?

*Cl.* I mary dos he, fir; for if he haue not a man to doe his office





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office for him, he must hang himselfe: *ergo*, euery man that hangs himselfe is not willing to die.

1. *Neigh.* He sayes very true indeed: but now fir, being dead, who shall answere the King for his subiect?

*Cl.* Mary fir, he that hangd his subiect.

2. *Nei.* That was himselfe.

3. *Neighb.* No fir, I doe thinke it was the halter that hangde him.

*Cl.* I, in a sort, but that was, *sc* offendendo, for it may be, he meant to haue broke the halter, and the halter held him out of his owne defence.

1. *Neigh.* But is not the Ropemaker in danger that made it?

*Cl.* No, for hee goes backward, when tis made, and therefore cannot see before, what will come after; neyther is the halter in fault, for hee might vrge the halter, *volens volens*; (as the learned say) neyther is he in fault, because his time was come that he should be hanged: and therefore I doe conclude, that he was conscions and guiltlesse of his owne death: Moreouer, he was a Lord, and a Lord in his owne precinct has authority to hang and draw himselfe.

2. *Nei.* Then neighbour, he may be buried.

*Cl.* Of great reason, alwayes he that is aliue must die, and he that is dead must be buried.

2. *Neigh.* Yet truly in my conscience, he dos not deserue to be buried.

*Cl.* Oh, you speake partiously neighbor *Crabtree*, not deserue to be buried? I say, he deserues to bee buried aliue that hangs himselfe.

3. *Neig.* But for his clothes neighbour.

*Cl.* His clothes are the Hangmans.

2. *Neigh.* Why then he must haue them himselfe.

*Cl.* This is a shrewd poynt of law, this might he do now, because he would saue charges, and defeat the Hangman: this must be well handled, did he make a Will?



## THE VALIANT

3 *Neigh.* No, he died detestable.

*Cl.* Why then, they fall to his right heyre male, for a female cannot inherite no breeches, vnlesse she weares them in her husbands dayes.

1 *Neigh.* But where shall we finde him?

*Cl.* Tis true, well then for want of issue, they fall to the chiefe mourner; I will be he to saue you all harmeles, I will take his clothes vpon mine owne backe, I will begin with his cloke, do you take euery man his quarter, and I will follow with dole and lamenration.

2 *Neigh.* Then thus the verdict is giuen vp.

*Clow.* I, I.

3 *Neigh.* Alas Neighbour, how mournfully you speake already!

*Clow.* It is the fashion so to doe.

*Clown.* Beare vp the body of our hanged friend,  
Silke was his life, a halter was his end:  
The Hangman hangs too many (gracelesse else)  
Then why should any man, thus hang himselfe?  
If any aske, why I in teares thus swimme?  
Know, I mourne for his clothes, and not for him.

*Exeunt.*

## ACTVS 4. SCENA 4.

*Enter Bardh, or Chorus.*

*Bardh.* Thus haue you seen a man, whose daring thoughts,  
Euen hell it selfe, the treasury of terrours,  
Whose very shapes make Nature looke agast,  
Cannot outface. Now once more turne your eyes,  
And view the sudden mutabilities,  
That wayte vpon the greatest fauourite  
That euer Fortune fauourde with her loue,  
Sterne *Caradoc*, vertuously returnd,

No-





# W E L S H M A N.

Hoping to see his beaution *Queene* and friends,  
 His sister *Voada*, whom he had left  
 With trecherous *Cornwall*, who villain-like betraid  
 The Towne and *Voada*, as yet a mayde,  
 Vnto the hands of *Marcus Gallicus*,  
 Sonne to the Romane General, who, as we saw,  
 Was farre inamor'd of that warlike Dame,  
 And to the Romane Band conducts her safe,  
 Whilest *Gald*, her husband, thies to saue his life,  
 And in disguise, seekes the Magician forth,  
 Intreating him by prayers, sighes and teares,  
 To helpe him by his Arte, whilest *Caradocs* fayre *Queene*,  
 Together with her daughter, made escape,  
 And fled vnto her Lord, who being iraged,  
 His manly courage doubled his resolute,  
 The Romane hoste pursuing of his *Queene*  
 And her young daughter. Who, when *Caradoc* espide,  
 Arm'd with a strength inuincible, he fought  
 In single opposition 'gainst an hoste:  
 Which famous battell, because histories,  
 About the rest, to his immortall fame,  
 Haue quoted forth, willing to giue it life  
 And euerlasting morion, with the rest  
 Shall be in liuely Sceanes by him exprest.

*Alarum.*

## ACTVS 4. SCENA 5.

*Enter Caradoc in haste, Guiniver, her daughter,  
 and Morgan.*

*Morg.* Cads blue-hood, Cousin, take her to her heeles:  
 was neuer in such tanshers. Will her not sturre? why looke  
 you now, the Romanes come vpon her with as many men,  
 as Mercers keepe Wenshes; or Wenshes decayed shentle-  
 men. Harke you: Ile call her Cousin *Mauiron*, and our Cou-  
 sin *Constantine*, and come to her presently.

*Cara.*

## THE VALIANT

*Cara.* Damned *Cornewall*, mayst thou sinke to hell for  
Wrackt by the Furies on *Ixions* wheele, (this,  
And whipt with Steele for this accursed treason. *Alarum.*

*Enter the Romanes with their Souldiours.*

*Ostor.* Yeeld thee, proud Welshman, or weele force thee  
yeelde.

*Cara.* Art thou a Romane, and canst speake that language,  
The mother tongue of fugitiues and slaues?  
No, Romanes: spare thesetwo; and if I flie,  
The Romane hoste shall beare me company.

*They fight, sometimes Caradoc rescueth his Wife, sometimes  
his daughter, and killeth many of the Romanes, & at last,  
they beate him in, and take his Wife and Daughter.*

*Ostorius.* Come, Lady, you must goe along with vs.  
*Guin.* Euen where you will, if *Caradoc* suruiue,  
My dying soule and ioyes are yet aliue. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Caradoc disguised in a Souldiours habit.*

*Cara.* Fashion thy selfe, thou great and glorious light,  
To my disguise, and maske thy sub till sight,  
That peepes through euery cranny of the world;  
Put on thy night-gowne of blacke foggy cloudes,  
And hide thy searhing eye from my disgrace.  
Oh *Cornewall*, *Cornewall*, this thy trecherous act,  
That hath eclips'd the glory of great Wales,  
Shall to succeeding ages tell thy shame,  
And honour sound, to heare of *Cornewalls* name.  
The gods with forked thunder strike thy wrong,  
And men in shamefull Ballads sing thy fact,  
That basely thus hast recompens't thy King.  
But curses are like arrowes shot vp right.

That







# WELSHMAN.

That oftentimes on our owne heads do light:  
 And many times our selues in rage proue worst.  
 The Foxe ne're better thriues, but vwhen accurst.  
 This is a time for policy to moue,  
 And lackey vvith discretion, and not rage.  
 My thoughts must now be suted to my shute;  
 And common patience must attend the helme,  
 And stere my reason to the Cape of hope.  
 At Yorke the noble Prince *Venusius* dwels,  
 That beares no small affection to our selfe,  
 To him Ile write a letter, whose contents  
 Shall certifie th'affaires concerne my selfe,  
 Which I my selfe in this disguise will beare,  
 And sound the depth of his affection,  
 Which if but like a friend, he lend his hand,  
 Ile chase the Romanes from this famous land.

*Exit.*

## ACTVS 4. SCENA 6.

*Enter Gald in a Shepheards habit, and Bluso  
 the Magician.*

*Gald.* Deare *Bluso*, thus farre haue my weary steps,  
 Through passages, as craggy as the Alpes,  
 Silent and vnknowne wayes, as intricate,  
 As are the windings of a Laborynth,  
 Search't out the vncouth Cell of thy abode.  
 The Romane hoste haue seizd my beautious wife,  
 And with the rude and ruggy hand of force,  
 As *Paris* kept bright *Hellen* from the Greekes,  
 Denying ransome, more like Canibals  
 Then honourable Romanes, keepe her still.  
 And neuer more shall *Gald* inioy the sight  
 Of his soules flourishing obiekt, till thy skill,  
 Exceeding humane possibilities,  
 Worke her enlargement, and my happinesse.

H

*Bluso.*

## THE VALIANT

*Bluso.* Fayre Prince, I were ingratefull vnto him,  
That next to heauen, preserued, and gaue me life:  
And more, by solemne othe I am obliged,  
In forfet of my soule, and hope of blisse,  
To vse the skill I haue, to vertuous ends;  
Amongst the which, this is the capitall.  
Then doubt not, Prince, but ere this night be spent,  
She shall be free, and you shall rest content.

*Gald.* Thanks, learned *Bluso*, this thy courtesie  
Hath bound Prince *Gald*, in endles bonds of loue,  
To thee, and to thy art. Now stretch thy spels,  
And make the winds obey thy fearefull Charmes.  
Strike all the Romanes with amazing terrour  
At our approches: let them know,  
That hell's broke loose, and Furies rage below.

### ACTVS 4. SCENA 7.

*Enter Venusius, Duke of Yorke, with other attendants,  
and his wife Cartamanda.*

*Venn.* I long haue mist those honourable warres,  
Which warlike Rome against the Bryttaines hold:  
But since we heare, and that by true report,  
And credible intelligence from many,  
Who lately haue returned from the Campe,  
That Wales and Rome begin fresh bleeding war,  
I doe intend with speed to see the Army,  
And pay my loue, as tribute vnto Rome.  
But yet I grieue, that such intestine iarre  
Is false betwixt such an heroiike Prince,  
As is the King of Wales, and powerfull Rome.  
The Romanes doe in multitudes exceede,  
He, well instructed in true fortitude,  
A Graduate in Martiall discipline,  
And needs no Tutour: for in pupill age

He







# WELSHMAN.

He was brought vp in honours rudiments,  
And learnde the elements of warlike Arts.  
Then much I muse, why *Cesar* should beginne,  
That scarce hath ended with the Bryttish warres;  
Or who's the Author of these firebrands  
Dissention thus hath kindled.

*Cart.* It may be, noble husband, the desire  
Of Principality and Kingly rule,  
As yet is boundlesse and vncircumscribde:  
But if our reasons eye could see our selues,  
That's neereft to vs, and not like prospectiues,  
Behold as farre off, great men were themselfes:  
Or, if like *Philip* King of Macedon,  
Whose boundlesse minde of soueraigne Maiesty  
Was like a Globe, whose body circular  
Admits no end, seeing by chance, the length  
Of the impression, which his body made  
Vpon the sands, and onely by a fall,  
Wondred, that such a little space contain'd  
The body, when the minde was infinite,  
And in this Morall plainly did foresee  
The longitude of mans mortality.  
But soft, what Souldiour's this?

*Enter Caradoc disguised.*

*Cara.* And't please you, Madam, from the King of Wales,  
I bring this letter to *Venusius*,  
Your Royall husband.

*Venn.* Come, souldiour, prithce let me see:  
I long to heare from noble *Caradoc*.

*He reades fr. T*

*Carta.* Say, souldiour, camest thou from Wales?  
What newes betwixt the Welshmen and the Romanes?

*Cara.* Madam, a glorious victory to Rome,  
The Towne of Gloster vildely being betray'd  
By *Cornewals* complots and conspiracies,  
Euen in the dead of night: and to augment  
His Treasons to the height of his desert,

## THE VALIANT

Euen in the absence of his Lord and King,  
Whilest *Caradoc*, at his returne, in rage,  
Though single, and inuiron'd round with foes,  
Fought like a Lybian Lion: But to conclude,  
Not *Hercules* against a multitude.

And thus at ods was forst to flee the place.

*Venn*. Souldiour, come hither, where is *Caradoc*?

*Cara*. In Wales, my Lord, and stayes for your reply.

*Venn*. Souldiour, I wish, if wishes could preuaile,  
Thy princely Master were with vs awhile,  
Till all these cloudes of blacke contention  
Were eyther ouerblowne, or else dissolued.  
Fame hath not left a man, more fit for talke  
Or disputation in bright honours scholes,  
Then is thy noble Master. When I behold  
His noble portrayture but in conceit,  
Me thinks, I see the reall thing it selfe.  
Of perfit Honour and Nobility,  
And not fantastically apprehend  
Onely the ayry fictions of the brayne.  
I now repent, that thus long I haue spent  
My honour and my time, in ayding Rome,  
And thus far haue digrest from Natures lawes,  
To ayde a forrayne Nation 'gainst mine owne.  
Were but thy Master here, he soone should see,  
He hath his wish, and Wales her liberty.

*Caradoc puts off his disguise.*

*Cara*. Then know, kind Prince, that thus I haue presunt'd,  
To put thy honoured loue vnto the test,  
In this disguise, and with auricular boldnesse  
Haue heard your tale of profest amity.  
And noble friend, then here stands *Caradoc*,  
Who now is come petitioner to thy ayde,  
Betrayde vnto the Romanes by a villayne.  
And whilest by dint of sword I fearelesse past,  
Thorow the Legions of the puissant hoste.

My







WELSHMAN.

My Queene and daughter they haue prisoners tane,  
Whose memory quickens my dangers past,  
And adds new fuell to my bleeding soule.  
Then, if thou beest not verball, but thy tongue  
Is with a single string strung to thy heart,  
All Wales shall honour thee and thy desert.

*Venu.* Braue Prince, as welcome to *Venusius*,  
As sleepe to wearied Nature. But now the time  
Fits not for friuolous complements. Awhile  
Repose your selfe with me, where you shall be  
As secret, as men would keepe their sinnes  
From the worlds eye, whilest in the meane time, I  
Prepare my forces. Wife, view this noble Prince:  
This is that man, that, in despite of Rome,  
This nine yeares space hath brauely waged warre,  
And now by Treason's forst vnto his friends.  
Then, wife, as thou doest tender our regard,  
Respect this Prince, and keepe him priuately,  
Vntill I doe returne. Farewell, noble Prince. *Exit.*

*Carta.* Welcome, great Prince. Here thinke your selfe  
As in a Sanctuary, from your foes. *(secure,*  
My husband oftentimes hath worne out time,  
Discourfing of your worths superlatiue:  
And I am proud of such a worthy ghest.

*Cara.* Lady, I shall be troublesome: but ere long,  
I hope once more to meet this trayterous host,  
And seale my wrongs with ruine of my foes.  
Fame wrongs the Romanes with these noble stiles  
Of honour, and vnseccoded deserts.  
These attributes are onely fitte for men,  
That God-like should be qualified with hate  
Of such infectious sinnes as Treasons are.  
Weake-pated Romanes! what fidelity  
Can be in Traytors, who are so vniust,  
That their own Country is deceiued in trust?  
Come, Madam, will you shew the way?

*Exeunt.*  
ACTVS

# THE VALIANT

## ACTVS 5. SCENA I.

*Enter Bluso the Magician, and Gald.*

*Gald.* Now, *Bluso*, thus farre haue wee by thy Arte,  
Euen to their priuate lodgings, fearelesse past  
Inuisible to any mortall eye.

But, *Bluso*, tell me, are we yet arriued  
At our expected Hauen?

*Bluso.* This is her Chamber: here will we stand vnscene,  
And yet see all that passe.

Tis almost dead of night: and now begins  
Sleepe, with her heavy rod to charme the eyes  
Of humane dulnesse. Here stand we yet awhile,  
And in this silent time obserue the loue,  
The Romane Generals sonne beares to your wife,  
Who long hath borne the siege of his hote lust:  
And now behold, like bloody *Tarqum* comes,

*Enter Marcus Gallicus, with a candle in his  
hand, and his sword drawne.*

Being non-suted, to satissie the heate  
Of his insatiate and immoderate bloud,  
That boyling runs through his adulterous veynes.  
A little while giue way vnto his practise,  
And when we see a time, preuent his purpose.

*Mar.* Night, that doth basely keepe the dore of sinne,  
And hide grosse murders and adulteries,  
With all the mortall sinnes the world commits,  
From the cleare eye-sight of the morning Sunne:  
Thou, that ne're changeest colour for a sinne,  
Worse then Apostasie, stand Centinel this houre,  
And with thy Negroes face vayle my intent,  
Put out thy golden candles with thy fogs,  
And let originall darkenesse, that is fled  
With Chaos to the Center, gard my steps.

How







W E L S H M A N.

How hufht is all things! and the world appears  
Like to a Churchyard full of dead.  
Deaths picture, Sleepe, looks, as if passing bels  
Went for each vitall spirit, and appeares,  
As if our foules had tooke their generall flight,  
And cheated Nature of her motion.

Then on, vnto thy practife : none can defcry  
Thy blacke intent, but night and her blacke eye.

*He goes to her bed upon the Stage, and  
lookes upon her.*

Behold the locall residence of loue,  
Euen in the Rosie tincture of her cheeke.  
I am all fire, and must needs be quencht,  
Or the whole house of nature will be burnt.

Fayre *Uoad*, awake: tis I, awake. *He awakes her.*

*Uoad*. Am I adreamd? Or, doe I wake indeed?

I am betrayd. Fond Lord, what make you here  
At this vnseasonable time of night?

Is't not inough that you importune  
Each houre in the day? but in the night,  
When euery creature nods his sleepy head,  
You seeke the shipwracke of my spotlesse honour?  
For shame forbear, and cleare a Romans name,  
From the suspicion of so foule a sinne.

Perhaps youle say, that you are flesh and blood.  
Oh my good Lord, were you but onely so:  
It were no sinne, but naturall instinct :

And then that noble name that we call man,  
Should vndistinguisht passe, euen like a beast.

But man was made diuine, with such a face,  
As might behold the beauty of the starres,  
And all the glorious workmanship of heauen.

Beasts onely are the subiects of bare sense:  
But man hath reason and intelligence.

Beasts foules die with them: but mans soule's diuine:  
And therefore needs must answere for eche crime.

*Marcus.*



## THE VALIANT

*Marcus.* Thy speeches are like oyle vnto a flame,  
I must enioy thee. If thou wilt yeeld to me,  
Ile be thy friend for euer: but if denide,  
By force I will attempt, what by fayre meanes  
I cannot compassse. Besides, thou art my captiue,  
And standst a suter for thy liberty.

*Voada.* I, for my body: but my soule is free.

*Gald.* I can no longer heare these arguments.  
Come, *Bluso*, helpe me to conuey her hence.

*They tumble Marcus ouer the bed, and take  
her away.*

*Mar.* What Fury hath depriued me of my ioy,  
And crost my bloud, euen in the heat of lust?  
What, is she gone? Oh all you sacred powers,  
Remit this sinne, vnacted, but by thought:  
And by those heauenly patrones of chaste minds,  
Vertue, like to my soule, shall wholly be  
Diffused through euery member. Thus powers aboue  
Doe, with vnknowne means, scourge vnlawfull loue. *Exit.*

*Enter Cartamanda with her Secretary.*

*Carta.* Already I haue posted to the Generall,  
To tell him, *Caradoc* is in our hands,  
And bid him make haste: for this, ere the day,  
A womans wit shall serue for to betray.  
And see, he comes. Welcome, thrice-honoured Lord.

*Enter Generall with his Army.*

Warily, Souldiours; there his Chamber is,  
And he not yet abed. Beset him round.  
What wars haue mist; a woman shall confound.

*Exit.*

*The Generall drawes the Curtaines, and finds*

*Caradoc a reading.*

*Ostorius.* Now *Caradoc*, thy life is in our hands:  
Behold, thou art ingirt with a whole hoste.  
And couldst thou borrow force of beasts and men,

Thou





# WELSHMAN.

Thou couldst by no means scape.

*Cara.* What! Souldiours in euery corner set?  
The Romane Generall, I am betrayde.  
Inhospitable woman, this with your sexe began:  
The Serpent taught you to betray poore man.  
When God, like Angels, man created first,  
God man him blest, but woman most accurst.  
And since that time, the chiefeft good in women,  
Is to beguile most men, and true to few men.  
Yet Romanes, know, that *Caradoc* here stands,  
In bold defiance, were you like the sands.

*Ostor.* Assault him then.

*They fight, and Caradoc beates and ouerthrowes  
many of them.*

*Ostor.* Hold, noble Welshman.

Thou seest it is impossible to scape,  
Hadst thou the strength of mighty *Hercules*.  
If thou wilt yeeld; I vow by all the gods  
That doe protect *Cesar* and mighty Rome,  
By all the honours that the Romane power  
Haue won, since *Romulus* did build their walls,  
Because thou art a man vnpareld,  
Of honourable courage, Ile ingage  
My life for thine to *Cesar* for thy freedome.  
*Cesar* himselfe admires thy fortitude,  
And will with honour welcome thee at Rome.  
He is a King, whom basenesse neuer toucht,  
And scorns to plucke a Lyon by the beard,  
Being a carkase. Speake, will you trust our oath?

*Caradoc flings downe his Armes.*

*Cara.* I take thy word, great Generall  
And thinke not, for any feare of death,  
I prostitute my life to *Cesars* hands:  
But for I know, *Cesar* is like a King;  
And cannot brooke a base mechanicke thought:  
But for to see those famous towres of Rome,



## THE VALIANT

This golden Lion shall inlarge me soone.

*Ostor.* Then, *Manlius Valens*, you shall beare him thither;  
And for your gard, take the ninth Legion,  
Surnamed, The valiant: and by the way,  
At London stayes his daughter, wife and brother:  
Let them to *Cesar* beare him company. *Exit Caradoc.*  
Farewell, braue Prince. Now Romanes once againe,  
Seing the Welshmens glory is eclipsed,  
Let vs prouide to meet Lord *Morgan*,  
And Lord *Constantine*,  
*Venusius*, and the rest that gather head,  
And seate Prince *Codigune* in what's his right,  
That now haue gathered strong and fresh supply.  
This battell shall adde honour to our name,  
And with triumphant Lawrell crowne our fame. *Exeunt.*

### ACTVS 5. SCENA 3.

*Enter Venusius, Constantine, and Lord Morgan,  
with Souldiours in Armes.*

*Venn.* Thus, noble Lords, *Venusius* armed comes,  
In loue to *Wales*, and that much wronged Prince,  
Who now at *Yorke*, liues priuate from his foes,  
From whence we now will call him, and awake  
His ancient courage, that long time hath slept,  
Vpon the downy pillowes of repose.  
Good Angels, guide vs: this our latest strife  
Shall set a period to our death or life.

*Const.* Me thinks, right noble Lord, yet I presage  
The horror of this battell we intend,  
Will cost a masse of bloud; nor doe I stand  
Firmely resolu'd: and the least sparke of valour  
Turnes to a Flame of Magnanimity.  
Oh, were my brother *Caradoc* but here,  
Our minds were made inuincible, all our thoughts

*Were*







WELSHMAN.

Were fixt on warlike Musicke, or any thing  
Beyond a common venter. And see, in time  
Our princely brother, and our sister comes.

*Enter Gald, Bluso, and Vonda.*

Welcome, deare brother, how escapte you danger,  
And purchast such a happy liberty?

*Gald.* All that I haue, I freely doe ascribe  
Vnto this learned man, whose secret Arte,  
Beyond the strayne of deepe Philosophy,  
Or any naturall science vnder heauen,  
Possess me of this Iewell of my soule,  
And through the Romane hoste inuisible,  
Conuayde vs both safe, as you see we are.

*Morgan.* Harke you me, you remember our Cousin *Caradoc* and *Morgan*, do you not? Giue me your hands. Be *Cad*,  
I shall loue the Teuill, til breath's in her pody, for this trick.  
Be *Cad*, he hath done more good then any Iustice of Peace  
this seuen yeres, for all her stocks and whipping posts. Harke  
you me now.

*Const.* Harke, harke, the Romanes march to vs with speed.  
Now Royall Princes, thinke on our vilde disgrace,  
Their Treasons, falshoods, and conspiracies;  
And double resolution whet your rage.  
Oh *Caradoc*, there's nothing wants but thee,  
And now too late to buckle on thy Armes.  
If in this bloody skirmish I suruiue,  
Triumphs shall crown the glorious brow of Wales.  
Bastard, begot at the backe dore of nature,  
*Cornwall* the author of these bleeding wounds,  
That many a wretch shall suffer for their wrongs.  
Behold, we come arm'd with a triple rage,  
To scourge your base indignities with Steele.  
Noble Prince *Gald*, here in our brothers stead,  
Conduct our Army forth as Generall.  
Romanes, come on, your pride must catch a fall.

# THE VALIANT

## ACTVS 5. SCENA 4.

*Enter Ostorius, Marcus Gallicus, Cessius, Codigune,  
Cornemall with Souldiours.*

*Ostor.* Now Bryttaines, though the wrongs done to this  
And to our selues, deserue a sharpe reuenge; (Prince,  
Yet, for wee pittie the effusion  
And hauocke that these cruell broyles intend,  
Once more in peace we craue this Princes right,  
Which your weake Army can no way detayne.  
Perhaps you stand vpon the idle hopes  
Of *Caradoc*: Know then, you are deceyued:  
For hee's our prisioner, and to *Rome* is sent  
With *Martius Valens* to the Emperour.  
Then yeeld your selues, or trie the chance of warre.

*Gald.* Then so we will; base Romanes.  
Henceforth, in stead of honourable names,  
Succeeding times shall brand your slauish thoughts,  
With the blacke coales of treasons and defame.  
Princes, since now you know the worst of all,  
Let vengeance teach your valiant minds to mount  
About a common pitch, inspire your soules  
With the remorselesse thoughts of bloud and death;  
And this day spit defiance in the face  
Of trecherous Rome, and thinke on this disgrace.

*Codig.* Stay, Prince, and let me speake:

*Gald.* Some Cannon shot ramme vp thy damned throat.  
Peace, hell-hound, for thou singst a Rauens note: *Alarums.*

*They fight, and beat in the Romans.*

*Enter at one dore Gald; and at the other Codigune.*

*Gald.* Well mer, thou Fiend of hell: by heauen Ile die,  
Or be reuenged for all thy trechery.

*Codig.* Weake Prince, first keepe a dyet for a time;  
To adde fresh vigour to thy feeble limmes,

And







W E L S H M A N.

And then, perhaps, wee teach thee how to fight. (Treason.

*Gald.* Villayne, the heauens haue strength inough against  
*They fight. Gald killeth Codigune.*

*Enter Cornewall at one dore, and Morgan at the other.*

*Morg.* Cad plesse her. *Cornewalls*, be Cad, you are as arrant  
a Knaue, as any Proker in Longlanes. Harke you me, Ile fight  
with her for all her treasons and coniurations.

*They fight, and Morgan killeth Cornewall.*

*Morg.* Fare you well, Cousin *Cornewall*, I pray you com-  
mend vs to *Plutoes* and *Proserpines*, and tell all the Teuils of  
your affinity and acquaintance, I thanke them for our Cousin  
*Gald.*

*Enter at one dore the Romane Standard-bearer of the  
Eagle, and at the other dore, Constantine.*

*Const.* Lay downe that haggard Eagle, and submit  
Thy Romane Colours to the Bryttaines hands:  
Or by that mighty Mouer of the Orbe,  
That scourges Romes Ambition with reuenge,  
Ile plucke her haughty feathers from her backe,  
And with her, bury thee in endlesse night.

*Standerdb.* Know, Bryttaines, threats vnto a Romane brest,  
Swell vs with greater force, like fire supprest,  
If thou wilt haue her, winne her with thy Armes.

*They fight, and Constantine winneth the Eagle, & wauneth it about.*

*Const.* Thus, not in honour, but in foule disgrace,  
We waue the Romane Eagle spight of foes,  
Or all the puissant Army of proud Rome.

*Enter Marcus Gallicus.*

*Marc.* Proud Welshman, redeliuer vp that Bird,  
Whose siluer wings thou flutrest in the ayre;  
The Veruels that she weares, belong to Rome,  
And Rome shall haue, or Ile pawne my bloud.

*Const.* Romane, behold, euen in disgrace of this and thee,  
And all the factious rout of trecherous Rome,  
Ile keepe this Eagle; winne it if thou darest.

*They fight, and are both slaine.*

## THE VALIANT

*Enter Gald, Voada, Venusius, Morgan.*

*Gald.* Sound a Retreat. This day was brauely fought.  
*Cornewall and Codigune*, yvhose infectious breath  
 Ingendred noysome plagues of bloud and death,  
 With all the Romane hoste is put to flight.  
 Thus by the hand of heauen, our peace is yvonne,  
 And all our foes funke to confusion.

### ACTVS. 5. SCENA 5.

*Enter first the Pretorian bands armed; they stand in rowes:  
 then enter Mauron, Guimuer, her daughter Helena,  
 and Caradoc bound: they passe over the Stage.*

*Then enter Cesar, the Empresse, with  
 the Senate.*

*Cesar.* Novv famous Rome, that lately lay obscurde  
 In the darke cloudes of Bryttish infamy,  
 Appeares victorious in her conquering Robes,  
 And like the Sunne, that in the midst of heauen  
 Reflects more glory on the teeming earth:  
 So fares it with triumphant Rome this day.  
 Bring forth these Bryttish Captiues: Let them kneele  
 For mercy, and submit to *Cesars* doome.

*Enter Mauron, Guimuer, her daughter, and  
 Caradoc: They all bend their knees  
 to Cesar, except Caradoc.*

*Cesar.* What's he that scornes to bow, when *Cesar* bids?

*Cara.* *Cesar*, a man, that scornes to bow to *Ioue*,  
 Were he a man like *Cesar*: such a man,  
 That neither cares for life, nor feares to die.  
 I vvas not borne to kneele, but to the Gods,  
 Nor basely bow vnto a lumpe of clay,  
 In adoration of a clod of earth.  
 Were *Cesar* Lord of all the spacious vworld,  
 Euen from the Articke, to the Antarticke poles,

And







# WELSHMAN.

And but a man; in spite of death and him,  
 Ide keepe my legs vpright, honour should stand  
 Fixt as the Center, at no Kings commaund.  
 Thou mayest as well inforce the foming surge  
 Of high-swolne *Neptune*, with a word retire,  
 And leaue his flowing tide, as make me bow.  
 Thinks *Cesar*, that this petty misery  
 Of seruill bonds, can make true honour stoope?  
 No, tis inough for Sicophants and slaues,  
 To crouch to Tyrants, that feare their graues.  
 I was not borne when flattery begd land,  
 And eate whole Lordships vp with making legs.  
 Let it suffice: were *Cesar* thrice as great,  
 Ide neyther bow to Rome, him nor his seate.

*Cesar*. So braue a Bryttaine hath not *Cesar* heard.  
 But soft; I am deceyued, but I behold  
 The golden Lyon hang about his necke,  
 That I deliuered to a valiant Souldiour,  
 That ransomlesse releast me of my bonds.  
 Great spirit (for thy tongue bewrayes no lesse)  
 If *Cesar* may intreat thee, kindly tell,  
 Where, or from whom hadst thou that golden lyon,  
 That hangs about thy necke?

*Car*. From *Cesar*, or from such another man,  
 That seem'd no lesse in power then *Cesar* is,  
 Whom I tooke captiue, (and so *Cesar* was)  
 And ransomlesse sent backe vnto his Tents.  
 Then, if in all he like to *Cesar* be,  
*Cesar*, I am decey'd, but thou art he.

*Ce*. But he that tooke me, was a common souldier.

*Car*. No, *Cesar*: but disguis'd I left my troupes,  
 Being forbidden by the Bryttish King,  
 To fight at all, and rusht into the hoste,  
 Where, from thy hands I tooke this golden Lyon.

*Ces*. Thy words confirme the truth. For this braue deed,  
 And kind courtesie shewed to *Cesar* in extremes,

We

## THE VALIANT

We freely giue you all your liberties,  
And honourably will returne you home  
With euerslating peace and vniuity.  
And this shall *Cesar* speake vnto thy Fame,  
The valiant Welshman merits honours name.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

*Enter Bardb.*

*Bardb.* Time cuts off our valiant Welshmans worth,  
When longer Scenes more amply might haue showne;  
But that the Story's tedious to rehearse,  
And we in danger of impatient cares,  
Which too long repetition might beget.  
Here leane we him with *Cesar* full of mirth:  
And now of you old *Bardb* intreats to tell,  
In good or ill, our Story doth excell.  
If ill, then gee I to my silent Tombe,  
And in my throwde sleepe in the quiet earth,  
That did intend to giue a second birth.  
But if it please, then *Bardb* shall tune his strayne,  
To sing this Welshmans prayles once againe.  
Bells are the dead mans mulicke: ere I goe,  
Your Clappes sound will tell me I, or no. *Exit.*

## EPILOGVE.

*We are your Tenants, and are come to know,  
Whether the Rent we payde, hath pleas'd or no.  
If not, our Lease is vnder: but tis your Lands;  
And therefore you may seale it with your hands.*



FINIS

















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